Be Warned in Time. Sign Free Insurance Coupon page iii of Cover

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX No. 522. SATURDAY, JUNE 3. 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 418316
For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS
SAILORS
and
CIVILIANS

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK & KHAKI Styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

6½d. each.

Sold Everywhere.

Ask For
EXCELDA
Soft Collars—Fronts—and Shirts.

BE SURE
you get
EXCELDA
See name on each handkerchief.

STEELE'S AD. SER.

SPECIAL ENLARGED BIRTHDAY NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

Old Bushmills Whiskey

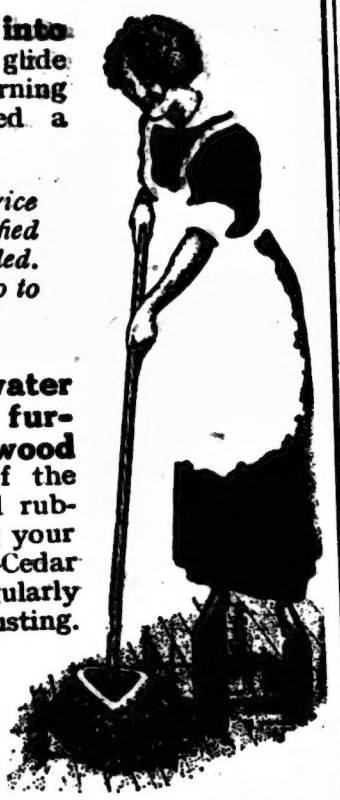
And very nice, too.

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd.,
2, Mark Lane, London. E.C.

THE NEW TRIANGULAR

O-Cedar Polish Mop

With Handy-Handle-Hinge, 5/2



Cleans as it polishes. Gets into the corners and with an easy glide does in a few minutes every morning work that hitherto necessitated a special day.

FREE TRIAL.—Deposit the price with your dealer, and if not satisfied your money will be refunded. The same guarantee applies also to the 4s. 2d. and 6s. 3d. mops.

O-Cedar Polish and water used on your furniture nourishes the wood and brings out the beauty of the grain—it does not require hard rubbing. Get the habit of damping your duster with equal parts of O-Cedar Polish and water, and use regularly as you now use a dry cloth for dusting.

Prices of O-Cedar Polish:

4 ozs. - - 1/-	12 ozs. - 2/-
Quart - - 4/6	½ gall. - 6/9
1 gall. - - 10/6	

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., 41-45, Old Street, London, E.C.

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

IN TINS 1d 2d 4½d

"Who's your Pal?"

Why, the man who smokes Bondman. He shows his taste in choosing this rich, ruddy Virginia. Pouring out delicate fragrance Bondman is welcome everywhere — even in the drawing-room. Bondman smokes slowly and evenly and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

per 6d. oz.
(4½d. & 1½d. war tax)

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy Virginia
TOBACCO.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 522. Week ending Saturday, June 3rd, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Artful Asquith!

So, after going over to investigate things on the spot and discover a solution of the Irish question, the Prime Minister comes back—and hands the job to Lloyd George! And, for once, the little Welshman has been caught napping and has fallen into the trap. Artful Asquith!

Try Again.

A month ago, "A. G. G.," of the *Daily News*, denounced Mr. Lloyd George as a wicked conspirator against the Cabinet in general and the Prime Minister in particular. And now the Prime Minister, at the unanimous wish of the Cabinet, selects him for Ireland's peace-maker! "A. G. G." must try again.

"R. P. H."

Congratulations to Mr. Houston, M.P., on his splendid efforts to secure a proper use of British tonnage. When food stuffs are cheapened because more ships are used in their transport, the nation will have to thank Liverpool's great shipowner for the help he has given.

Bravo, Glasgow!

London envies Glasgow's public-spirited men who are determined to put an end to the alien enemy in their midst. Sir Samuel Chisholm and Bailie Russell have our hearty sympathy and support.

What an Omission!

Fancy appointing a Committee to consider the position of the great iron, steel and engineering trades after the war and not allowing a single representative of Labour to sit upon it! Almost as bad as that Air Inquiry!

Watch the Government.

We mean in connection with the operation of the new Military Service Act—and look out for another "crisis" before long.

A Royal Mix-up!

Have you ever reflected that the present sovereigns of Great Britain, Belgium, Russia, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, *and Germany*, are all descended from the Coburgs—with the result that to-day Queen Victoria's various grandsons are fighting each other at the Front? What a mix-up!

Why Not?

Several readers have written urging us to suggest that Mr. Redmond should reconsider the proposal made to him some time ago to become Chief Secretary for Ireland. We are afraid, however, that the traditions of the Nationalists are too strong to permit of so desirable an arrangement.

The Twenty-three.

We are informed that "Twenty-three" is American slang for "Get out." *Absit omen.*

The Great "Push."

Apropos of our article last week, we are in a position to state that the Great Push is timed for next month. German papers, please copy.

The Sensible Saint.

The name of Wilfrid, the patron saint of bakers, signifies, in good old Anglo-Saxon, "resolute peace." That is all very well—but, as regards the Hun followers of the craft now in Britain, our motto should be "Resolute *War!*"

Asquith on Mesopotamia.

"I do not think that in the whole course of the war there has been a series of operations more carefully contrived, more brilliantly conducted, and with better prospects of final success. . ."—House of Commons, November 2nd, 1915.

Townshend on Ditto.

"Even if I had got into Bagdad, I should never have got out."

"God Save Ireland!"

Our recent article under this title has brought down upon us an avalanche of letters from all parts of the Emerald Isle—some calling for the blood of Carson; some for the head of Redmond; some for the lives of both of them. Others glorify the rebels, and others, again, vow vengeance on Dublin Castle. It brings us back to our old reflection—all is not well with Ireland.

Our Birthday Number.

Just another reminder that next week's issue will be enlarged, and will celebrate our tenth birthday. We shall tell you all about our origin and development, and the work we have done during the past decade—and now we want to ask you for a birthday gift. It is a very simple one, and consists of your buying one extra copy next week, and forwarding it to any friend or acquaintance you may have—if, indeed, such be the case—who is not at present a regular reader. The perusal of our story will do the rest.

A Dubious Compliment.

This is what one of our readers sends us as "A Hint to the Government":—

Ye nerveless rulers, prosecute the fight!
With firm determination do *your* bit,
Or else you'll find yourselves in sorry plight
Hurled in the Bottomley's pit!

There can be no doubt that war *does* produce poets!

Important! Sign Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.

Huns in Hindustan.

It is at length reported that Herr Buchner, the Viceroy of India's German bandmaster, has resigned "upon grounds of ill-health." We shall not quarrel about the reasons as long as we can be sure of the fact, but in some directions the Government of India has been strangely blind to the German peril. We have a good deal of detailed information which we shall not hesitate to disclose should the public interest appear to demand it. But we must give Lord Chelmsford a chance.

A Queer Choice.

As previously noticed in these columns, Sir Hugh Bell, of iron and steel fame, is of opinion that we cannot permanently injure the trade of Germany, and that even if we could it would be most improper so to do. This is probably why Sir Hugh has been appointed by the Board of Trade to serve on a committee of the iron and steel industries to consider the trade problems likely to arise after the war. With the appointment of other trade committees further selections may result. Mr. Richard Cadbury for confectionery, and Sir Wm. Lever for soaps, may be taken as dead certs.

Who Cares?

Commander Eyres-Monsell, M.P., is a sailor first and a politician a long way afterwards. In the following disrespectful terms does the gallant commander allude to the present plight of the august Mother of Parliaments: "I went there one day last week and found the same old game going on, the same old manœuvres, the same old phrases . . . . the same old Party feeling, and the same old wondering how things were going to affect votes after the war." At this point Commander Monsell pops the pertinent question—"What the Devil *does* it matter how votes are affected after the war, or what happens to any political Party?" To which we reply in our chaste civilian style, "Not a damn."

The War and the Bishops.

We have long had a sneaking sort of conviction that the Bishops would eventually instruct us how to win the war. They have declared, almost in chorus, that it all came about because we attended Sunday picture shows, took a Sunday walk in the park to hear the band, and patronised Sunday concerts. Now three of them, their lordships of London, Birmingham and Durham, arise to say that if we want victory we must give up eating meat on Thursdays and sign the pledge for Tuesdays. Only by haricot beans and lentils can our righteous cause prevail. Picture the whole nation panoplied for war under the new Military Service Act, with a knife and fork in one hand to carve its way to victory, and a plate of haricot beans and lentils in the other!

The Cunning Quaker.

The smooth-faced Quaker is—if we may use an expressive Americanism without being disrespectful—a slippery cuss. But there is no doubt about his cleverness. It was the "Society for the Relief of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress," founded by Quakers, that got the interned aliens wood-carving to do, the Huns pocketing the profits. They have now succeeded in securing exemption for a conscientious objector on the ground that he is doing "rough work in camp for prisoners of war," having persuaded a Government Committee that this is "work of national importance." It is a diabolically smart move, but the Government should never have been bamboozled by it. If there is "rough work" to do in those camps, let the prisoners do it.

The Small Tradesman.

No wonder the "poor little tradesman" is complaining bitterly at the break-up of a life's work. Consider these two cases: One is an engineer, 20 years in business; has closed four branches since the war started; 39 years of age, broken in health and business; when he goes to join up he must sacrifice all. The other is a shopkeeper, 37 years of age, married, and maintains his mother, an invalid and aged. He has nobody to carry on for him, and must lose £300 worth of stock and his business, because he despairs of selling it. Such instances, and we fear there are many, make one's heart ache. Surely these men might be suffered to remain—at least, for a while?

Now Then, Botha!

It appears that General Botha is fully aware of the conditions obtaining in the erstwhile German colony of South-West Africa, and of the half-hearted nature of the present British occupation. In reply to questions in the Union Parliament, the Prime Minister has confirmed our recent statements in regard to the continued employment of Germans in the municipal affairs of the South-West, and has further stated that "the Administrator has not deemed it necessary to destroy the Imperial German arms above the Post Office at Windhuk." But it is surely time that the internal affairs of the Protectorate were reduced to some sort of order. *The Huns are never coming back.*

P.O. Pro-Germhuns.

In March last we recorded our profound dissatisfaction with the action of the Fawcett Association in contributing £10 to the "National Council against Conscription," an organisation which, we said, was "striving to a dangerous and detestable end." We find that many members of the Association agree with us, and there is growing indignation against this monetary support of avowed shirkers, the subscription being nothing but an insult to the many loyal P.O. servants doing fine work at the Front. We are afraid the evil goes deeper still, and that the Fawcett Association and its organ *The Post* need to be purged of the influence of several individuals whose acts and opinions are notoriously pro-German.

Friends of the Foe.

A class of men who are among the latest to declare themselves as lovers of the German are the chemists. In justice to all good chemists, let us hasten to make it clear that our reference is to the Chemical Society, a body with a Royal Charter. They met to consider whether nine Germans who are honorary members should be called upon to resign; 90 said yes, 93 said no, so the list is still disfigured by the obnoxious nine. Educated people, like these members of the Chemical Society, a Society supplied by the nation with free quarters at Burlington House, appear prone to express their affection for the foe. It is the "common" people who would thrust him forth. They know him.

"Well Done, *Sussex!*"

A neat little story of the Mercantile Marine comes to us from Havre. Bound for the port was the transport *Sussex*, Captain Douglas Bayly, with a cargo of meat from New York. When in the Bay of Biscay-oh, 120 miles from land, up from the deep popped a German submarine. Her guns popped too, and Captain Bayly had nary a gun. But he hoisted his ensign, manned his gun-platform, and made believe he would blow the enemy out of the water. Ten knots was his speed, and he was being bombarded without mercy, but he handled his ship so skilfully that he dodged a torpedo, and by his threatening tactics convinced the foe, after an hour's chase, that he had better seek safety down below. So the sub. dived and vanished, and into Havre steamed the saucy *Sussex*.

In his next parcel put a "John Bull" Pen.

Ducal Doings.

Swank flourishes in Vancouver—even as it doth in London. Here is an item in the news columns of a Vancouver daily, evidently received by the blushing editor through the lady whose son "Alex." was with the Canadians at Shorncliffe:—"The Duke of Argyll wrote that Alex. was coming up to Inveraray Castle for some stag-shooting, and that his Grace will exert every influence to help his young kinsman from Vancouver to get his commission." No doubt all Vancouver, reading that, gushed over the grace of his Grace and swam, smirking, in a sea of snobbery.

The Hated Inscription.

The East London Printing Company, of Houndsditch, from whom were purchased the cards "printed in Germany" that led to a rumpus in camp and the destruction of a poor old man's stock, as already described by us, appear to be equally in fault in another instance. A woman newsagent in Hoxton bought cards from the firm on the understanding that they were British. After selling some she was horrified to find the words "Printed in Germany" underneath a stick-on slip bearing a seasonable greeting. Being a patriotic woman, she promptly burned the rest of her stock. Perhaps the East London Printing Company will ascertain whether any other of their goods merit a similar fate.

Treason in the Provinces.

We have not had long to wait for an effective response to our demand for sterner measures against the various seditious "fellowships" which the war has called into being; and the stiff fines imposed upon the Committee of the No-Conscription Fellowship will doubtless have a salutary effect. Meanwhile, the provincial activities of the treason-mongers should not be overlooked. One of the worst leaflets we have seen, with an infraction of the Defence of the Realm Regulations in every line, bears the imprint of the Bristol Printers, Limited, Stratton Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, and of the "Joint Advisory Committee for Conscientious Objectors"—presumably a local organisation. This nest of traitors should be instantly smoked out.

Objecting to Objectors.

The officious circular letter, sent out by the Government Committee on Work of National Importance, asking Borough Councils and other local authorities whether they "were willing to engage men having a conscientious objection to Military Service," is strongly resented by the 36,000 members of the National Association of Local Government Officers, who protest against "the suggestion that conscientious objectors should fill vacancies through officers answering the call of their King and Country." We believe the letter is receiving most contemptuous treatment, some of the Councils refusing to offer even scavenging jobs, but the fact that it is meeting the reception it merits does not excuse its outrageous suggestion.

A Family Gathering.

Alderman C. Lucas, Mayor of Boston, Lincs., is Chairman of the Borough Tribunal. Here are some proceedings as recorded in the local Press:—"The case of Sydney Lucas, manager of the Red Lion Hotel, was heard in private by request, the Mayor not sitting on the Tribunal. The applicant was exempted until November 15th." Sydney Lucas is, we believe, the Mayor's son. In another case the applicant was his brother:—"F. Lucas, house owner, applied for exemption for George Lucas, his son, on account of 'house duties.' The Mayor did not sit in this case. . . . Granted until November 15th." And the next case was:—"Frank Thorpe, builder's accountant, working for J. Lucas and Sons, asked for exemption . . . . heard in private. . . . Granted until November 15th." Although, in two of the cases, his Worship the Mayor "did not sit," he evidently had friends in court as well as relations.

A Little Story.

The training of a soldier costs about £200. A year and a half ago a young man offered himself for enlistment. He was rejected on account of varicose veins. He had them removed and was then accepted. Last week on being medically examined before going to the Front he was discharged on the ground of defective eyesight—being unable to hit the target, much less a bull's eye! That's all.

An Ominous Oversight.

At a recent session of the Harrogate Borough Bench, David Rosenweig and Mrs. Rosenweig, visitors to a local hydro, were charged with failing to register themselves under the Aliens' Restriction Order, a similar charge being preferred against Rose H. Tschante, a domestic servant, who had stayed at a Harrogate hotel with her mistress. However, all three summonses were dismissed upon payment of the costs. While anxious to make no suggestion that is not strictly warranted by the facts, we are bound to say that names like these appear to cry aloud for registration, and we fancy their oversight should have cost the defendants a little dearer than it did.

Camera Cases.

When a man receives a direct order from the Ministry of Munitions to photograph certain specified works, one would think him justified in getting busy with his camera. The Magistrates at Queensferry think differently; they dropped upon a Chester photographer to the extent of £6 5s. 4d. because he had not procured a formal Permit, despite the plain statement by the Ministry of Munitions that the photos were ordered by them and that the neglect to issue a Permit was partly the fault of the Department. Having made an awful example of the camera man who acted by authority, they turned round and let off with a fine of £1 another photographer who had no permission whatever. Variety, even in apportioning justice, is ever charming.

Catching It.

There is a good, kindly father living in Northampton whose child is the apple of his eye. He is hurt at the least hint of trouble for his little one; he is eager always to minister to his babe's slightest need and to ensure every possible comfort to him that may be within his paternal power. So, when the child awoke at 10.30 o' night and complained "he had a fl a," small wonder that the father was distressed. For, you see, the babe did not really have a flea; it was the flea that had the infant. Up got father and struck a light to look for the bloodsucker. And a policeman—some pestilent bachelor, doubtless—booked him for Court for committing a breach of the Lighting Order, and 5s. was the extent to which he caught it—meaning the penalty, of course.

A Good Precedent.

A well-known London firm is good enough to send us a copy of the *Commonwealth of Australia Gazette*, dated 23rd February, in which the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth—after declaring that, in his opinion, "the proprietors of the trade marks specified in the schedule" attached thereto are subjects of a State at war with the King, "within the meaning of the Patents, Trade Marks and Designs Act of 1914-5"—orders that their registration shall be suspended in favour of the Minister of State for Trade and Customs and such other persons as may be approved, upon such conditions as he thinks fit. The whole of this issue of the *Gazette* is occupied by reproductions of the words and designs which have been adopted by Hun traders for use in the Commonwealth, they numbering about five hundred, and filling seventy pages of type. Why does the Motherland lag?

The healthy paper for the home, "Everywoman's."

A Plea for the Babies.

Though we don't think it will make much impression on the London milk rampers, we are quite willing to notify them of the question of the Lady Superintendent of the "Mothers' Welcome" in Wandsworth: "If by the extra price those responsible thus deprive the poor of obtaining the amount of milk necessary for their little ones' daily needs, are they not as much our enemies as the Huns?" We will take a little time to consider our answer.

No More Wulfing and Co.

It is no credit to the Board of Trade that they have so long allowed Wulfing and Co., the Germhun proprietors of Sanatogen and Formamint, to carry on business in this country. It has always been an enemy business. Wulfing, the chief proprietor, is a Germhun living in Germhuny, a director is an officer in the Germhun Army, and the business in England was actually managed by a Germhun. If Wulfing and Co. had been a British concern carrying on business in Berlin, it would have been shut up long ago.

The Child and the Ring.

James Clark, a four-year-old Dudley boy, was sent to the Guest Hospital to have a brass ring removed from his finger. Dr. Mody, the junior House Surgeon at the hospital, tried to file the ring through, but the file was not sharp enough, and the child's finger was hurt. Then the resourceful doctor gave the youngster thirty drops of chloroform, just to keep him still. Unfortunately, the chloroform killed the child. At the subsequent inquest, several of the jurymen considered that Dr. Mody had "done his best." Poor little kiddie!

Indian Lotharios.

The case of a young Indian student, recently sentenced for committing bigamy by "marrying" a respectable English girl, leads us to repeat our warning that young women must beware the fatal blandishments of these gentlemen with dusky skins and seductive manners. Differences of religion and laws would alone render hopeless and unhappy any possible union, while the girl who thinks to be a wife might find herself none at all—or one of many. White race and black race may meet as friends, but must not mate.

"Ar Osod."

"Ty Capel Hermon. Rhoddir y flaenoriaeth i wr a gwraig heb blant. Ceisiadau i ddod i law erbyn Mai 13eg. Am y telerau ymofyner â——." This is not Germhun, but the Welsh of one Evan Evans, a landlord of Bethesda, who wishes to let "Chapel House" to "a man and wife without children." Mr. Evans may get his ideal tenants; but it is written in the Scotch that the "best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and one of these days he may, when calling for the rent, find that the caretaker and his wife have held a consultation and decided to add to their number.

Monocular Justice.

We are at a loss to understand how any County Court Judge can seriously hold that a man who has lost an eye has suffered no diminution of "wage-earning capacity" within the meaning of the Workmen's Compensation Act. A decision to this effect was reached at the Kidderminster County Court, where Judge Ingham refused to continue a compensation allowance to a man whose right eye had been irreparably injured by a splinter of brass. In a particular case of this kind there may be intricate questions to be considered, but, when all is said, the plain fact remains that a man with one eye is vastly worse off in every respect than a man with two, and therefore entitled by every rule of equity to the fullest compensation for the grave injury he has sustained.

Military Honours.

At last Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, has felt "bound to say something" we can agree with. In reply to the Member for York, he was obliged to admit that, having regard to the practices of Germhun troops, he sees very little reason why Germhun soldiers dying in this country should be buried with military honours. Living or dead, there is nothing in the Germhun soldier to honour; let him pass unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

The Vicar's Vigour.

Apparently the Vicar of St. Peter's, Upton Cross, is not a "Conscientious Objector" himself; he would shoulder a rifle if his grey hairs did not protect him. At any rate, he says in his parish magazine that "Conscientious Objectors" and others who refuse to help their country at this time ought to live all together on a desert island. "There is no reason why they should be defended by our Army and Navy, nor fed on food which men risk their lives to get for them." If there are any "Conscientious Objectors" after this in the Vicar's parish, they ought to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Mr. McKenna and the Widows.

There is no doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought, in justice, to consider the hard case of widows and several others. Supplementary to many instances of Income-tax hardship put before him, "Vectis," of the Isle of Wight, offers this one. He has a total income of £82, derived from an insurance annuity. His age is over 70, and he is in indifferent health. With 5s. in the £ deducted at the source and retained by the Government for what practically amounts to a whole year, he has for that year only £61 10s. to live on. Surely, with a Budget conceived on such wide margins as this one, there can be no justification for a forced year-loan in such cases?

"Brotherly."

It was in January last that we referred to the callous infliction of a fine upon a clerk employed by the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks, because he was a little late one morning, having taken the only possible chance of saying farewell to his brother returning to the trenches. We considered that a Society formed for the welfare of clerks and others had acted in un-brotherly fashion to one of its own family. Perhaps the N.A.U.S.A.W.C. resented criticism; perhaps they relished it. Anyway, the sequel to the incident is that the clerk has now received his dismissal, no reason being given beyond the written intimation, "Your services will no longer be required." The man had the pluck to stand up for himself and his kind; we wish him a better berth with better employers.

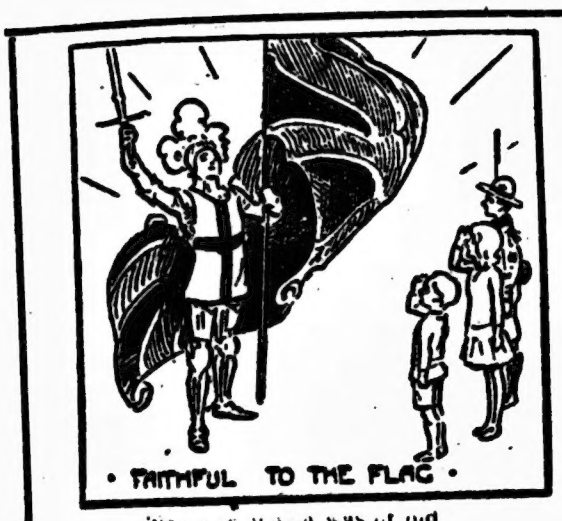
Thrift or Theft?

The Rev. J. B. Hewitt, of Newbold-on-Avon, has suffered a sad bereavement by the death of a cow for which he had conceived a deep sentimental regard. If that were all, we might express our heartfelt sympathy with the reverend gentleman, and pass at once to weightier matters, but there is worse to relate. At the Rugby Police Court, Frederick Gill, a groom-gardener in Mr. Hewitt's employment, was summoned for stealing the hide of the cow, which he seems to have regarded as a lawful perquisite for his trouble in burying the animal—there being, as we understand, a local custom to this effect. At any rate, the Magistrates dismissed the charge, and upon the whole we are inclined to agree with them. With leather at its present price, to bury a cow in its hide would be almost as wasteful a proceeding as to bury a parson in his boots.

Look out for "Bullets" mammoth prize list next week.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

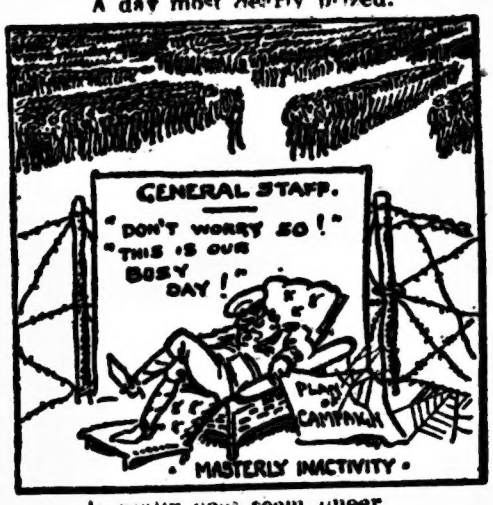
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



The day Waterloo was of old
By carping fools despised,
From this day on we'll hold
A day most dearly prized.

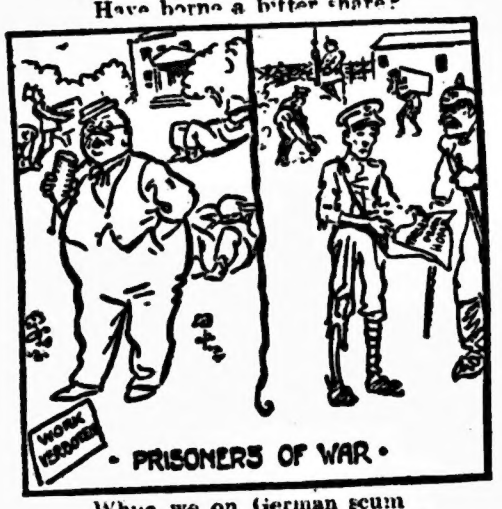
Alas, the war won't wait
While Asquith calmly tries
To settle Ireland's fate
By means of compromise.

Who have a better right
To London's gardens fair
Than they who in the fight
Have borne a bitter share?



It really does seem queer
Armies of men should be
Kept waiting over here
In inactivity.

Hollweg's verbose display
Awakes Sir Edward's ire,
Who, in his Arctic way,
Calls that sly Hun a liar.



While we on German scum
All sorts of comforts shower,
Huns press their dirty thumb
On Tommies in their power.

WANTED, A MINISTER FOR FOOD.

"AND DAVID SAID IN HIS HASTE—."

David alleged in his haste that all men are liars, and a lot of us probably are. Apparently the only way to get anywhere near the truth about the great food swindle is for the Government to appoint a Food Minister, with power to nominate a committee to inquire into it. They *are* inquiring into pretty nearly everything except the necessaries of life. It is true that the President of the Local Government Board has promised to inquire into something on his own. Probably by getting up an hour earlier in the morning he has discovered that the milk rampers are exploiting the public, and robbing the babies, by charging sixpence a quart for milk "in certain districts," and he is going to inquire into the matter. We can tell him all about it. And while he is inquiring about milk, he may as well inquire about meat. The meat men admit that meat is dear, but allege they are not making enough out of it in most cases to get their hair cut; meat is dear because the shipping companies are robbing them on freights. On the other hand, Sir Owen Philipps, Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, retorts that if the meat traders told the truth they would shame the Devil, or words to that effect. He said the other day that the Royal Mail and allied companies alone had carried to England and the Continent 1,500,000 head of cattle and 1,750,000 frozen sheep and lambs, at an average cost of less than ½d. a pound over pre-war rates. It is said that truth will out—even in an affidavit. If that is so, it is obviously high time that the shipowners or the meat men made one. At any rate, something should be done to get the prices down. It is not as if everybody could afford to eat coal or coke or firewood.

PRUNES AND PRISMS.

THE STIGMA OF PATRIOTISM.

Burwood College, East Sheen, a much less pretentious establishment than its name might suggest, is the common type of suburban private school "for young ladies and little boys"—or perhaps we should say, "tiny gentlemen"; and we have no doubt that its proprietor and principal, Mrs.—or rather Madame—Drake, is a skilled exponent of the various substitutes for education which are dear to the suburban heart. At Burwood College, young ladies and gentlemen of irreproachable antecedents may be correctly "formed" upon the historic model of "prunes and prisms." How it happened that a fishmonger's son, from a neighbouring district, was ever admitted to the select shades of Burwood College, the refined establishment being thus exposed to the squalid contact of trade, we are unable to guess. Perhaps the small intruder did not actually smell of fish, and it is just possible that in outward seeming he may have resembled those "sons of gentlemen" for whom it is Madame Drake's exalted privilege to cater. The sequel was shocking. A little later, the mother of the new pupil was seen in a cart. It was not a "Black Maria" or a fever cart, but, in the eyes of Madame Drake, a cart is a cart, especially when it is a fish cart. With some honest, if plebeian, notion of "doing her bit," the fishmonger's wife was lending her husband a vigorous hand, thus freeing a man for the Colours. However, it was not to be expected that such considerations should weigh with Madame Drake, and in a letter, the signature of which seems to have been washed out with scalding tears of shame, the patriotic mother has now been informed that Burwood College "will not have a vacancy for James after the close of the current term." Lucky Jim!

Common sense tells you to sign Free Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.

MY VISION OF EMPIRE.

THE EVOLUTION AND MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE OF EMPIRE DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have been thinking a lot about this Empire Day—now a recognised feature of our Calendar. It has taken years, and a bloody war, to bring it about. As I shall show, it was a stock jest of the House of Commons whenever it came up; and, incidentally, a reference to the history of its development will shed an illuminating light upon not only the conversion of his Majesty's Ministers to the sacred creed of Empire, but equally upon the innate treason towards that creed on the part of most of the men who are to-day opposing themselves to the conscience of the nation. Thank God, I say in all earnestness, that we have our Empire Day at last. It is the beginning of the realisation of a vision which has burned within me for years past.

A FESTIVAL OF GLADNESS.

To one who holds such faith, who makes a religion of race and sees in the higher civilisation an uplifting influence, Empire Day comes not as a day of penitence—as the weeping cleric of Hatfield would have us regard it—but as a festival of gladness, a day of national rejoicing. What an insult to the gallant men who have answered the call of Humanity, to ask for "a distinctly penitential note" on the one particular day in the year when the sons of Anzac, and the lads of Canada, raised their most exultant shouts of Empire and saluted with especial meaning the grand old flag! To tell such men, to tell the children of our national schools—the fighting men and the stalwart women of the years that are to come—that to observe Empire Day with flags and rejoicings is an act of "impious boasting" is to insult the spirit of our People; to pretend that since Empire Day was established—as Lord W. Gascoyne-Cecil pretends—God's blessing has been withdrawn from the British people, is rank blasphemy. Was there ever such clerical cant, such religious rot, since the Church paid men fat salaries to misrepresent the soul of the nation and to slander the glories of our history? No, I did think that this wonderful war—wonderful in its uplifting, in its revelation of Imperial unity; wonderful in its promises of greatness yet to be—would have taught the Truth even to traitors and have brought patriotism to puling prelates.

MEANING OF THE FLAG.

God knows it has been the fashion long enough among a certain school of politicians to regard Patriotism as a sin—to represent Empire as an unclean thing. Why, it is not long ago since children in our elementary schools were first allowed to know what the Union Jack means, to understand the unity it symbolises, and to salute this grand old emblem as an act of patriotic worship. I have been "looking up *Hansard*." That recording angel shows how Ministers and members scoffed and derided the idea of Empire Day. He tells us how even the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the head of the Government of the King on whose possessions the sun never sets, could make a feeble joke at the expense of that religion of Empire which to-day has brought its worshippers to the shrine of suffering and has seen its millions offering their lives on the altars of Patriotism. For years it pleased the powers that be to deny to the People of this country what our sons and our daughters across the seas delighted in—the official celebration of Empire Day. Session after session the question was raised in the House of Commons—time after time curt refusals and sneering jibes were the only answers. Empire Day—the day which celebrated the birth of the great Queen-Empress, whose reign will pass down in history as the Era of Imperial growth to Imperial sway—might be celebrated by sentimental stupids, might be good enough for civilian ceremonial—it was not good enough for official recognition!

A PEEP INTO THE RECENT PAST.

Let me—in order to give you, my readers, an idea of how splendidly this war has warmed the Imperial spirit, until even our chilly politicians have felt the blood of pride and patriotism moving in their veins—tell you a little of the Parliamentary history of this Empire Day. It will show you how in this, as in so many other things that matter, we, the People, have been ahead of our rulers. I turn back the pages of the Official Debates just eight years, and I find that a Bill to authorise the "due display of the national flag on certain occasions" was contemptuously rejected by 156 votes to 88. So determined was the House of Commons to have nothing to do with such an egregious measure that not only did they refuse leave for its introduction, but no one thought it worth while to offer a word in excuse or justification of its rejection. You will not be surprised to know that among those who voted against this attempt to popularise the flag are found Messrs. Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald and Byles. But in the light of present events, while the names of John Redmond, Tim Healy and T. P. O'Connor may not be surprising, it is interesting to see in the group which tried to put the snuffers on the spirit of Empire such men as Gulland (the present Chief Whip of the Coalition), Annan Bryce, Hilaire Belloc, B. S. Straus (then the member for Mile End) and John Ward—now a Colonel in the Army. Then we had two War Ministers who made it impossible for the soldier to celebrate Empire Day, and who even forbade the youths at our great public schools to march before the flag. The O.T.C. (the Officers' Training Corps), which has sent so many brave boys to fight and die that our Imperial greatness may be sustained and our Imperial strength made greater, owe nothing in patriotic spirit to the encouragement of the authorities. On the contrary, both Lord Haldane and Col. Seely flatly refused to allow those fine lads to wear their uniforms in Empire Day parades. It sounds strange to-day, doesn't it, when from all quarters of the world come spirited official congratulations; when General Joffre greets the Dominion soldiers in the name of France; when General Haig returns fraternal felicitations; when the cables throb with patriotic sentiments—that

only three years ago our War Minister refused to allow the O.T.C. contingent of Marlborough College to take part in Empire Day celebrations?

SNEERS OF THE SENATORS.

Lord Haldane on one occasion sent a peremptory telegram to the Head Master of Harrow—sent it on the very afternoon of Empire Day—forbidding the O.T.C. joining in the school parade! What was his excuse? "We do not," he said, "attach the same importance to Empire Day as some hon. gentlemen opposite. *We do not think the Empire is held together by the flying of flags.*" What an answer! That was in 1909, when my Lord Haldane was still faithful to his "spiritual home," where, if anywhere, the meaning and value of patriotism, the significance and strength of national feeling as expressed in the emblem of flags, was well understood. I remember, too, how that facetious Irishman, Jeremiah McVeagh, was never tired of ridiculing Empire Day; and I recall how only three years ago the Prime Minister caused "loud laughter"—when that hon. gent. Mr. Outhwaite, whose patriotism has been shown in such wonderful ways since the outbreak of war, favoured the House with this question, "Can the right hon. gentleman say what *is* Empire Day?"—by replying: "It is the 24th May, I think." "Loud laughter"! Well, we have progressed since then. I do not think I shall be charged under the Defence of the Realm Act with betraying Cabinet secrets if I suggest that Mr. Asquith now understands that Empire Day is something more than a mere date. Three years ago, although he was aware of the fact that the flag was flown on that day throughout the whole of the King's Dominions, he still refused to allow it to be unfurled on Government buildings. Am not I justified, when I contrast 1913 with 1916, in seeing in the changed spirit of his Majesty's Ministers an admission of error, a confession of failure to understand how big and deep is the Imperial spirit, how vast and far-reaching are the roots of Empire? Three years ago the day was not good enough to be associated with the King's uniform; now, thank God, Empire Day has come to be regarded as the Imperial anniversary, the festival of Empire, the day of all others when we dwell upon the glories of our world greatness and consecrate ourselves anew to beat down the foes of Humanity, the enemies of Civilisation; not a day for "a distinctly penitential note," as the croaking cleric of Hatfield would have—but an occasion for pride and rejoicing.

HOW THEY VOTED IN 1910.

But let me continue our historic reflections. I find that it was in 1910 that Captain Craig, who had introduced the earlier Bill, made yet another attempt to secure the recognition of the 24th May as Empire Day. Again he was defeated, and again the Division List is interesting in the light of present happenings. There were 242 votes against the Bill and 150 in its favour, the minority for its introduction, I am happy to say, including myself and one or two other members who sat in those days on what were known as the Liberal benches. No man who understood the meaning of Empire, or who shared in the joy of our Imperial heritage, could have cast his vote against the proposal; those who did so acted more from Party spirit—that miserable elf of wickedness, the cause of so much trouble—than from any real desire to deny the might and the meaning of Empire. At least I like to think so—I like to think that such present Ministers as Mr. Harcourt, Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. Brace, Mr. Pease and Mr. Runciman are now heartily ashamed of themselves; that Mr. Ellis Griffiths, Mr. Gulland, Sir A. Markham, Sir Ivor Herbert, Mr. Pringle, Sir H. Raphael, Mr. Gibson Bowles, and that now gallant soldier Josiah Wedgwood, would like to recall the unpatriotic votes they gave in 1910. But I have little hope for Byles and Brunner, for Ponsonby and Trevelyan, for Sir T. Whittaker and J. Whitehouse, or for Snowden—and none at all for Francis Neilson, who has gone to America; or for Ignatius Timothy Tribitch Lincoln, whose presence then disgraced the House of Commons, and whose names add infamy to the Division List.

THE CITADELS OF CIVILISATION.

But it is when I think of all this that is past, and when I look ahead, that my firm hope in the present is harnessed to the great promise of the future. Out of this war, which has forged new links of Imperial love and new chains of Imperial unity, will rise a bigger Empire, broad based on Humanity, whose peoples will keep the Citadels of Civilisation. "Equality of sacrifice" has a finer meaning than any which we have given to it at home. Our sons and brothers of the sister kingdoms have claimed it as a right to stand by our side in face of the enemy of the world. We must see to it that they are bidden to share the honours. Those who joined in the fight must also share in the Triumph. Never let it be said of us that *our* fault is "giving too little and asking too much." By making the Empire one in fact as in sentiment, by calling to our council in a great Imperial Parliament representatives of the Dominions destined to carry on our Imperial greatness, we must consolidate our strength. No longer can we continue to assume the power while for the defence of that power we look to the help of the nations of Empire. "No one planned our greatness," says the weary William of Hatfield. No; it is a great and sacred trust.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

It has become a trite saying here at home that after the war "things will never be the same again." But to-day let us take a wider horizon into view. Do I dream when I see in this world-upheaval a great Call from the Ruler of the Universe to the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races to prove their worthiness to remain the pioneers of the world's progress—*or to make room for others?* No, I am not thinking of the Teutonic barbarians—their doom is sealed irrevocably. I am thinking of a restless and wondrous race away out in the East. We won't name it to-day. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," says the poet. May he prove a true prophet.

WATCHWORDS OF EMPIRE.

I see coming out of this world-war such a new brotherhood of Empire as will sweeten all bitterness and hush all rancour. There will be great problems calling for solution—immense questions affecting the well-being of our people at home and our relations with our peoples in that other and wider home beyond the seas. But in the new awakening, in the Imperial era which my vision gazes upon with hope and with confidence, we shall all be as one—one in the trade and commerce—one in those aims and ideals which will ever keep in mind the common good of all mankind. But all depends upon *us*—upon how we learn and act upon the mysterious message of Armageddon; upon the meaning we give to the word Empire—upon the spirit in which we salute the Flag on Empire Day.

THE COMING STORM.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD—BUT KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.

By A. G. Hales.

Night and day I bend such intelligence as the gods have given me to the task of understanding the war. Day and night my task is to seek for evidence in the high places and the low. It is often more profitable to draw inferences from the information that is withheld by those in authority than from what is divulged by them. Silence can, at times, be more eloquent than words. Darkness, under certain circumstances, can be more illuminating to the trained watcher than the noonday sun—he learns to feel for the hidden danger and "sense" it, as a Gurkha on the prowl will sense a sentry on the blackest night, though the sentry stand as still as stone. The air is vibrant with big things about to be born. In the womb of silence great events are incubating; soon we shall feel the rush of the hurricane that has been gathering force in the hush of semi-inactivity—pray the gods that we be ready for the shock, and that victory, splendid and complete, crown our arms by land and sea! My faith in our soldiers and sailors is as boundless as the skies; they are living and dying up to the grandest traditions of the breed—weighed in the balance of the scales of destiny, *they* have not been found wanting. It is the lawyer-politicians I am distrustful of, and I think a day is coming when the nation will curse itself for permitting the strangling of Kitchener.

Will the Storm Strike Us?

Saul was not happy among the prophets, nor do I imagine I should be. I will leave prophecy to the inspired, and draw my impressions from things already revealed, knowing that the thing that has been, may be again. That is not prophecy—it is reasoning from analogy. The first herald of the coming storm will, I think, reach us from the air. The cumulative evidence of all the air raids over this country points to a carefully-designed plan, with continuity of purpose as its keystone. Each seemingly sporadic raid was as a link in a chain, the end of which is intended to be one grand, smashing blow at our manufacturing cities and at London. I wrote this, three months before the war commenced, in a series entitled "The Crimson Dawn." I still think it. Before the war I was merely prophesying; now I am reasoning from evidence. Quite recently it was my business to go to many places where raids had wrought mischief. I was seeking material for this article, and no man could have had better credentials, for I was following in the wake of the accredited emissary of John Bull, who was paying cash to poor people whose homes had been wrecked by bombs. It was a John Bull scheme, brought into being for the sole purpose of proving that journals are not run merely for profit, or for the pleasure of assailing Governments, but to help the helpless in time of need—a scheme which costs the public not one penny, and has already saved hundreds from being homeless—a noble, disinterested and illuminating scheme, which will live as one of the finest monuments of modern journalism, when generations as yet unborn shall talk about the war that was waged for the freedom of the world. I was no poacher upon another man's preserves; this is John Bull's representative's story, not mine. Some day he may write a book of reminiscences, telling how women and children clung around him with tear-stained cheeks, as he dispensed John Bull justice in the shape of ready money to hundreds, and saved them from the cold comfort of the streets; and the good work is still going on—and, like soul salvation, it is free to all. With these things I had nothing to do. My work, as an old war correspondent, was to study what the enemy *had done*, with a view to forming an estimate of what that enemy may plan to do in the future—and, haphazard and sporadic as the many raids may seem to have been, my carefully considered judgment is that every German aerial visitation to these shores fitted in with the general German plan of campaign with the exactitude of mosaic patterns. They were but the vedettes of the army of the air; they were quartering out the country, teaching their pilots by practical experience—learning our air currents, familiarising themselves with our topography, mastering all the preliminaries in readiness for their grand assault, which when it comes will bring the full strength of Germany in the air—Zeppelins with monster bombs, compared with which all that has come before will be but as soap bubbles blown in wantonness. We have been lulled into unreadiness, if not into sleep. There is not a military or naval man who does not know that the Zeppelins could from the first have dropped bombs ten or twenty times as big as the biggest they have used; and yet, after nearly two years of active warfare, we have not one single Dreadnought of the air of similar calibre that can go up and grapple with these "line-o'-battleships of the skies"—not one!

The Hidden Menace.

From the first I have tried to help the Government to keep awake. Their supporters claim that I do it with a tomahawk; does it matter *what* I do it with if I succeed? They were tomahawked enough, God knows, over Ireland, before the late lamentable outbreak; did they awake? All the world knows they did not; they went on Birrelling to the end, and that word ought to become a catchword in the language as something that will stand for inanity and ineptitude. The Government permitted simple discontent to grow into rebellion, then complacently patted their stomachs and said: "Thank God it wasn't a deluge." Will they continue their present tactics towards the horde of Germans in our midst until the German aerial fleet comes and those same Germans cut our telegraph wires, blow in our underground railways, dynamite our bridges and railways and start fires all over the land? There are enough enemies at large in our midst at this minute to let hell loose if they get the aid from the air that I believe is going to be sent. Will the Government go on "birrelling," or will they for once act like sensible, patriotic men, who know that their first duty is to their country and their countrymen? Will they look the truth squarely in the face for once and realise that we are at war, and that war in essence knows no rules? If I were in Germany, and a British force of any description arrived on the scene, I should consider it my bounden duty to help my countrymen by all means in my power, at the risk of being placed against the wall if captured—so I think would every other son of empire. So will every German think who happens to be at liberty when opportunity to do mischief arrives. Some may argue that this is corrupt sentiment—it may be—but I am a short-haired poet—I take *life as it is*, not as I would like it to be. Our Government should come out of the clouds, come to earth and accept things as they really exist. "My country right or wrong" may be a brutal motto, but it's mine, and I think it's the motto of the Germans in our midst also. They didn't come here in peace time by chance; the Kaiser picked his men; they came for just such a job as I have outlined—some of them. If the Government *won't* awaken, let us have indignation meetings and wake them, before the Germans in our midst wake *us*.

A RIGHTEOUS REVENGE.

RETALIATION FOR THE STARVATION OF BRITISH PRISONERS.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe."*)

Are we to sit still and see brave men who have fallen into the clutches of the enemy slowly done to death without stirring to help them? Is it enough that Ministers should throw up their hands in pious horror and while prating of the dictates of humanity remain unmoved at the call of humanity? Surely we as a people are sick of pious horror, disgusted with inaction born of a false Christianity. Our men are being starved in the prisons of Germhuny; splendid fellows have escaped death in the field only to endure the tortures of hunger and insults in the murder camps of the enemy. What adds to the feelings of indignation of the country at the barba ities unto death inflicted upon our soldiers who fall into the hands of the Hun are the attempts which have been made by Ministers to minimise their sufferings and to pretend all is well when all is grievously ill. It is part of methods which none of us can understand, that the Government will never admit the truth until it is forced upon them by the stern evidence of brutal fact, and never move until an indignant public opinion frightens them.

CALCULATED MURDER.

How long is the nation to seethe with indignation? What must be the character of the protests of an outraged people, before steps are taken to bring to an end these infamies in German prisons and secure for our soldiers that humane and just treatment we have so readily accorded to the enemy soldiers captive in Great Britain? To talk of humanity while our men are the victims of calculated murder, to plead that the Hague Convention enforces the laws of Christianity and the rules of decency while the Hun derides both and slowly starves the spirit out of our poor fellows, is to add insult to a nation's injury, to pour vinegar into the wounds of outraged public feeling. It may suit Ministers to prevent representatives of the Press printing first-hand knowledge of the way in which our men are treated by the enemy. They may well try to hide the truth, and so to prevent the flood of indignation. But I declare, from a closer knowledge of the public mind than his Majesty's Ministers evidently possess, that unless something is done, and is done speedily, to bring pressure to bear upon the Kaiser and his crew of murderers, there will be a national outburst that neither the suppressions of the Press Bureau nor the false statements of those in authority will be able to resist. Anyone who has seen the German prisoners leaving this country, who has noted their healthy appearance and their comfortable clothing, and who has also looked upon the piteous forms of our own wounded men who reach these shores in the process of exchange, will not readily be silenced.

LET MINISTERS GO TO TILBURY.

Let Mr. McKenna, who readily invoked the Hague Convention as an excuse against reprisals; let Mr. Tennant, who has just been forced to apologise for a false statement most damaging to the interests of British prisoners, take the trouble to go to Tilbury the next time Germhuns leave these shores or British prisoners return home. Let them note the scandal and the shame which the contrasted pictures offer. The s.s. *Denis* brought to Tilbury the other day nearly a hundred of our brave fellows. Some of them were clad in clothes which a tramp would have burnt under a hedge. One man who walked painfully on two crutches was helped off the boat by kindly hands. "This isn't a wound," he remarked in plaintive explanation of his sad state. And when he told his story those who heard it flushed with indignation at the thought that one who had fallen into the hands of a brutal foe had only escaped the enemy shot to be clubbed into a cripple by the butt end of a Germhun rifle. No, the rules of the fight are no rules when one of the parties deliberately and of fell design breaks them. There is nothing to which I would not resort to beat the Germhun at his own cruel game. So long as he observed the rules of war I would scrupulously play the game. But when he takes off the gloves and with brutal and bloodied knuckles carries on the fight, then in the name of our common humanity, in the name of the men who have fought and fallen, and who in the fortunes of war have been made prisoners by a murderous foe, I would show no mercy. We have treated our captives according to the old and chivalrous ideas of warfare. Nay more. We permit German officers who represent the "Kultur" spirit of frightfulness to enjoy a liberty and a licence in insulting contrast with the treatment our officers have received.

THE WAY TO SAVE OUR HEROES.

The time has come to make a stand—to call upon the Government to make reprisals, to enforce retaliation. Too long has the enemy traded upon misguided sentiment and false humanity. Too long have Ministers in their sloppy sentimentalism and bastard Christianity sought to restrain the cry—"Do unto theirs as they do unto ours." When the Zeppelins first came, maimed the aged and murdered the innocent, I called for reprisals. I held public meetings to force the Government to stop those criminals of the air by the only available, yes, and indeed the most legitimate means. What did the public demand? That for every raid on open and undefended towns and cities of Great Britain there should be raids on the cities and towns of Germhuny. There was one such raid, by accident I suppose, and the people of Germhuny cried aloud in anger and alarm. If there had been a hundred—yes, a thousand—such raids, the Germhuns, seeing *their* women and *their* children done to death from the air, would have been terrorised into demanding the end of raids upon England. But reprisals are wicked, cried the Government, and the murders in London and the country have gone on at intervals ever since. And so will these murders and indignities, these deaths from slow starvation, this breaking of the spirits of brave men by calculated cruelties and deliberate privations, go on unless his Majesty's Ministers make it known to the enemy that the grand old cry of "An Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth," is still remembered.

LET THEM DIE THE DEATH.

It is no thought of mine to add to the distress of mind of those whose dear ones are still captive in the land of the Hun. My burning desire is to induce the Government to act, to act now, and to take steps the brutal bully will not mistake. Let there be no more false statements. A month ago the Under. Secretary for War told us that the rations of our unhappy prisoners included half a pound of meat and fully a pound of bread, and that the vegetable ration was more even than is considered necessary for prisoners here. What a statement! How think you the hated enemy is using it in neutral countries? What need for anxious friends to pinch and save at home to send to starving men in Germhun prisons when a member of the Government tells us that the rationing for our unhappy fellows is carried out "very generously"? Now Mr. Tennant has to eat his words. "Further information from returned prisoners" gave the lie to his assurances, and he has to admit that, but for the parcels of food sent from home, "in very many instances" the men would starve. Enough of this hideous fooling. If our men continue to be starved, starve the Germhun prisoners. We are at war.

THE BISHOP'S BUNKUM.

By Ben Tillett.

I want to open this article with a personal and pertinent question to every reader of John Bull—and the question is this: Is every man you know who takes a glass of beer or a glass of wine a brute—and worse? For my part, my answer to my own question is a decided "*No.*" I know many men who are not teetotalers, and practically all of them are good-hearted, kindly men—who make excellent husbands, splendid fathers, good citizens. Our men in the trenches and the crews of our battleships are not blatantly teetotal, but we all know that they are cheery, plucky, good-humoured souls who would scorn to do a mean action.

Yet, if you read the outpourings of the high-souled teetotal fanatics you will be led to imagine that every man who dares to desecrate his carcase with a drop of alcohol is not only a scoundrel, but a traitor as well. Here we have, for instance, the Bishop of London, a man who ought to know better, referring to our "drinking habits" as a "national peril." Yes, he has been at it again! And I want to protest against his action and his attitude. Not only do I want to protest against this labourer in a "starred" occupation for being so persistently heavy on our national habits, but also because of his reckless misuse of words.

In the first place, drink is not our great national peril. The great peril to this nation is the well-equipped, terrible and ruthless slaughter machine of Germany, which still holds Europe in a hell of blood and flame. Don't let us forget that—never mind the ramping and raving of Bishops on beer. Secondly, I object most strenuously to the constant libelling of Labour. The dear Bishop has so little gratitude and such a cramp of the soul that, although he must recognise that 96 per cent. of the fighting forces come from the working classes, he is hysterically anxious to brand the "lower orders" as "drunkards," and refer to their habits in anything but complimentary terms.

Really, the mentality typified by the Bishop is one of our greatest bugbears. He is not even scrupulous in his statements. Russia and France, he says, have adopted teetotalism. The fact is that they have become teetotal to their worst drinks, Vodka and Absinthe. Both Russians and Frenchmen are, as a matter of fact, beginning to doubt whether our great British freedom is so very real after all. They gaze with wonderment on the malignant espionage on our working-class womenfolk.

Again, would teetotalism make us all gentle, kindly, efficient and wise? I fancy not. The infidel Turks are teetotalers, and they have outraged and murdered a million Armenian Christians. Let the Bishop see things in their right perspective, and if he must go on preaching, let him leave the beer-drinkers alone for a bit and hammer away at the bloody ghouls who are making of the world a hell. We have had enough of these cheap roads to notoriety.

THE SHOPS AND THE SUGAR.

FAVOURED SUPPLIES FOR THE BIG COMPANIES.

In the matter of sugar, the attitude of the shopkeeper to the customer is one thing and the attitude of the Government to the shopkeeper another. Shopkeepers complain, and apparently with reason, that the Sugar Commissioners do not fairly distribute the supplies. In one town a firm of confectioners have been able to obtain on an average fifty tons of sugar a week solely for the purpose of manufacturing sweets, a luxury in regard to which the Government are in a position to enforce, in part at least, some of their own precepts of economy. Recently five Leeds grocers followed a commercial traveller into his warehouse clamouring for sugar—but lo, there was none! Evidently the distribution is not fair, and it ought to be the business of the Government to make it fair. If they desire to economise the supplies, they should put the screw on firms who use sugar for the manufacture of sweet luxuries, and deal as generously as possible with those which distribute domestic and other essential supplies. The little tradesman has as much right to sugar for his customers as the big stores and provision companies, yet the Government are starving him while they fatten his highly capitalised rivals. Let justice be done.

ON A POINT OF ORDER.

THE PUBLIC TAP AND THE PARISH PUMP.

Those Dormant Bank Balances must be stirring in their sleep. From all sorts of unexpected quarters comes support for our historic demand that derelict deposits and unclaimed securities and dividends should be earmarked for the service of the State. For instance, at a recent meeting of the Parish Council of Lesmahagow, somewhere in Scotland, the following resolution, in the name of Mr. William R. Blackadder, came up for discussion.

> That we the Parish Council of Lesmahagow petition Parliament to ascertain from all Banks (including Public, Private and Savings Banks) the amounts of unclaimed moneys lying on Deposit and Open Accounts, together with accrued interest thereon as at 31st December, 1915, also the value of Unclaimed Treasures on deposit at such Banks.

In similar terms the scope of Mr. Blackadder's motion was extended to unclaimed shares and dividends in the hands of Railway and Insurance Corporations, and other public and private Companies; and a most interesting discussion would no doubt have followed had not the Chairman conceived it his duty to rule the whole matter out of order, as being outside the legitimate purview of the Lesmahagow Parish Council. In vain it was pointed out that other Parish Councils had unbosomed themselves in a similar strain. The Chairman was adamant. No suspicion of irrelevancy must attach to the deliberations of the elders of Lesmahagow. Mere consistency, however, was quite another matter. At a later stage of the proceedings the Council resolved, by a majority, to send two delegates to a National Prohibition Convention in Glasgow "to petition the Government to suspend the sale of alcoholic liquor during the war"; although what the stoppage of the national liquor supply has to do with the parish politics of Lesmahagow we cannot pretend to say. Perhaps the Parish Council can enlighten us—or, on the other hand, perhaps they cannot.

KISSING—A CRIME.

PEEPING PEELER'S PRURIENT PROWL.

For a pair of sweethearts to kiss each other in the public street may, in the eyes of some people, be a slightly irregular proceeding, but such conduct involves no moral turpitude, nor ought it in any circumstances to form a pretext for criminal proceedings. This at any rate will be the view of most sane people, though it may not wholly commend itself to Superintendent Scott, who was the prime mover in a recent prosecution at the Warminster Police Court, when Sergeant John Withers, of the Army Service Corps, and a girl named Marie Possart were charged with "a certain misdemeanour." Although, as was eventually shown, nothing more serious could be proved against the defendants than a vigorous exchange of kisses, at the close of their evening stroll, the couple were first charged under the Vagrancy Act, the girl, against whose character there was no previous suspicion, being exposed to the odious accusation of "being a disorderly woman and acting indecently upon the public highway." On the strength of these grave charges, the defendants had been arrested, marched off to the police station and locked up for the night; and it was not until the couple were actually before the Magistrates that Superintendent Scott desired to withdraw the original accusation and to substitute the vaguer charge of "a certain misdemeanour of public morals"—which, in the event, he was quite unable to prove. Under the vigorous cross-examination of a barrister retained for the defence, the Superintendent cut a sorry figure; and before the case had proceeded far, it was the prosecutor who was on his trial in respect of methods happily rare in the realm of police administration. Finally, the Magistrates dismissed the charges, acquitting both defendants—and we are bound to add that, in failing to express disapproval of the Superintendent's action, the Bench seem to have been animated less by a sense of justice than by a desire to save the face of a nasty-minded policeman.

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?

A dainty present for a lady is a "John Bull" Pen.

THE TREASON CLUB.

WHO PAYS THE "PACIFIST" PIPERS?

As to the "Motives, Objects and Policy" of the Union of Democratic Control, no honest citizen has the least remaining doubt, but in a futile attempt to placate the anger of the public, the scribes of the Union have issued a 20-page pamphlet in which these matters are dealt with in approved "democratic" style. At the outset we are warned that "the only safe rule in war-time is to believe no statement about anybody's opinion until it is given by themselves"—a truism which heralds the reflection that the sweet and soulful philosophy of the Union of Democratic Control has been "maliguantly and deliberately misrepresented" by "the baser organs of the Jingo Press" and "especially JOHN BULL." In the chastened mood engendered by this severe reproof, we hope wisely to profit by the timely warning now proffered for our guidance, and upon this occasion we shall not transgress the limits of the pamphlet before us, which we accept as an authentic sample of "democratic" doctrine pure and undefiled.

MISPLACED INDIGNATION.

In the first place, however, there is a point of detail which seems to call for frank discussion. Among the "false and malignant charges" levelled at the Union by a virulent and degraded Press is the hateful insinuation that "the Union has received German money." The authors of the present pamphlet are very angry at this suggestion, and, although upon their own avowed principles of international brotherhood it is hard to see why they should object to a little Teutonic assistance, we are disposed to regard their resentment of the charge as a fleeting sign of grace. "None of the Union money," we are told, "comes from Germany or from Germans directly or indirectly." If so, well and good; but we may perhaps be forgiven for saying that upon this vital point we are not prepared to accept the *ipse dixit* of the Union of Democratic Control. Without mincing matters, we may add that we are frankly sceptical of these loud disclaimers, and our misgivings are shared by a considerable section of the public, not prone to think evil without just cause. However, we would not consciously do an injustice to the meanest criminal, far less to these white-robed harbingers of peace, and we therefore venture a modest suggestion. Let the Union issue a complete list of their subscribers from the commencement of their campaign, indicating the amounts received and accompanied by a duly authenticated balance-sheet, showing how the money has been spent. As soon as this document is ready, we shall be pleased to receive a copy, and to give it the wide publicity our columns afford.

"DON'T HURT YOUR BROTHER BOCHE!"

Having thus disposed of the "malignancy" of their critics, the gentle pamphleteers proceed to the discussion of "a moderate, unaggressive rational policy for the conclusion of the war"—we quote the actual words employed, and are therefore under no suspicion of wanton misrepresentation. We are "moderately" to fight our way to an "unaggressive" victory which shall eventuate in a "rational" peace. When a writer in "the Jingo Press" suggests that "the war is to continue till the Allies can make the Rhine the boundary of France, retain all the German colonies as trophies, and destroy the German Fleet," he is uttering mere naughty nonsense, and his words, we are solemnly told, "will be read with glee by every German Jingo." If so, the German Jingo must have a poor idea of a joke; and we fancy he is far more likely to be provoked to "glee" by the following further sample of "democratic" wisdom, which might have been culled direct from the debates in the Reichstag. "How can any German think of peace," we read, "if large slices of German population are to be handed to France, her colonies kept as 'trophies,' and her right of self-defence denied?" On the lips of Herr Von Bethmann-Hollweg, or in the columns of German newspapers, such special pleading may be natural enough, but in a brochure of British authorship it lends vivid colour to the suspicion which the writers so warmly repudiate. That list of subscribers is a good deal overdue. We think we could venture a guess as to the identity of some of them. There are, we are afraid, many "naturalised" men of wealth—besides others, unfortunately, of British birth—who are subsidising such underground efforts to sap the strength of the nation and sow dissension between ourselves and our Allies.

A message to Britain's womanhood. Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's."

BULLYING THE TRIBUNALS.

TWO SCANDALOUS CASES AT BERMONDSEY.

To some extent, the local Tribunals have themselves to blame for the bullying attitude of the Government, as represented by the military authorities. In too many instances they have regarded themselves as recruiting sergeants, whereas they are independent bodies, set up for the purpose of ascertaining what men can be spared for military service by adjudging claims for partial or total exemption on grounds specified in the Act. Take the heartless and senseless Prussianism of the officials instructing the Military Representative at the Bermondsey Tribunal. A young window cleaner, upon whose connection three sisters depended for subsistence, applied for a renewal of his conditional exemption. The Military Representative demanded that no further time should be given. "What?" questioned Councillor Lunn indignantly. "Have the military authorities no hearts? The business has been established for twenty-four years. The father is dead, one son has been killed in France, three other sons are serving, and yet the authorities tell us to throw the claim for exemption out!" Happily, for reason and justice, the Tribunal threw out the demand of the Military Representative instead.

The other case was that of a widower, a basket and hamper dealer; he had five children, the oldest 13 and the youngest 18 months, with a dependent mother 70 years of age in addition. Again the same Military Representative objected to any time being allowed, and again the Tribunal spiritedly ignored the callous attitude. If such men as these are not entitled to favourable consideration of their cases under the provisions of the law, who is? The pity is that all Tribunals do not proceed in the spirit of the Bermondsey Tribunal, and will not so proceed, we fear, under the new Act in the future. Yet there is no doubt what is the right and what the wrong view of a Tribunal's duty and obligations. It is that of giving the Military Representative his proper counterweight in the proceedings, and no more. It is for the applicant to make his claim on evidence, for the Military Representative to resist it if he pleases on evidence, and for the Tribunal to give their decision on evidence. And on evidence, if a Tribunal is not just, it is not a Tribunal. It is merely a packed panel.

APRIL FOOLERY.

THE STRANGE CASE OF BARON VAN HAEFTEN.

At the Aylesbury Petty Sessions not long ago, Francis Isaac Van Haeften, locally known as Baron Van Haeften, of Westlington House, Dinton, a lieutenant in the Scots Greys, was prosecuted for having on April 1st last "unlawfully, without the permission of a Competent Military Authority, ignited a certain firework or similar device in such a manner that the same could serve as a signal, guide, or landmark"—contrary to the Defence of the Realm Regulations. Our immediate purpose is not to discuss the merits of this serious charge, but merely to inquire what has become of it, and whether it has yet been disposed of to the satisfaction of all parties. For the Magistrates at Aylesbury were not permitted to deal with the matter, the following letter having been received by the Superintendent of Police:—

> Under instructions received from the General Officer commanding the Eastern Command, and by authority of the powers conferred, I hereby cancel the order for the trial of Francis Isaac Van Haeften before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, and hereby order that the case be dealt with by the Military Authorities.

The summons was accordingly withdrawn, the Chairman observing that the Bench "were certainly rather surprised at the way the case had been dealt with." Moreover, "it appeared from representations that adjoining citizens regarded it as a most serious matter, and they could only assume that the case would be dealt with by the Military Authorities in a manner that would meet the ends of justice." Was this assumption warranted, and if so, is there any particular reason why the upshot of the curious affair should not be publicly announced?

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty King George V.

SIR,—The message lately received by you from your Armies in France so admirably expresses the sentiments, not only of your gallant troops, but of the Empire at large, that I venture to recall and endorse its terms. As a free and democratic people we do indeed "respectfully submit the assurance of our loyal devotion to your Majesty and to the principles of freedom and justice which are symbolised for us by the Crown and Flag of the British Empire." May no effort be spared to secure in every quarter of your kingdom the supremacy of your government and the honour of your Throne.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. J. Campbell, late of the City Temple. (Please forward).

REVEREND JOURNALIST,—When you are constrained to flatter the Irish, must you necessarily insult the English? These words are in your writings:—"Bring the two into conflict and you are steering straight for disaster." With England and Ireland "in conflict" you need not "steer" for disaster; for you are in it already. But let us leave that, and read you again:—"The Englishman is a bit of a brute when all is said and done. He is not sensitive, and having no nerves does not know when he hurts. . . . The Irishman is just the opposite." Can you find no excuse for Pat without libelling John? How came you to pen that atrocious suggestion that the Englishman is "a bit of a brute"? Let me tell you, sir, "when all is said and done," that your notions of humanity are as wild as your notions of theology. Another quotation from your weekly output may yield some explanation: "I prefer the Roman Catholic population of the East and South, with its poetry, dreaminess, idealism, and naïve spirituality." Are you meditating another somersault?

JOHN BULL.

To Earl Curzon of Kedleston, Chairman, Joint Air Board.

DEAR LORD CURZON,—I hardly know whether to congratulate or condole with you upon your new appointment, but in regard to the future of the Air Services, whose importance dwarfs all personal or political considerations, I am trying to hope for the best. You tell us that "the new Board differs substantially from Lord Derby's Committee in composition, in intention, and in powers," and I share your hope that it may pave the way for the creation of "a single service with a single head," which I believe to be a first condition of supremacy in the air. In the meantime, you have a unique opportunity of service to the State. Don't waste time in trying to score off the critics. Stick to the job in hand.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. D. Morel, Secretary, Union of Democratic Control.

DEAR "DEVILLE,"—I learn that you recently declined the offer of a distinguished French publicist to debate the issues of the war before the members of your Union; and I warmly commend your discretion. From your standpoint, it was doubtless true that "no useful purpose would be served" by any such honest method of controversy—your personal reputation being of far too fragile a cast to withstand the light of day. Your real name fits you far more neatly than that by which you have chosen to be known. Anyway, a fig for your "Morels" and to the "Deville" with your "democracy." By the way, when may I expect that balance-sheet?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, Munitions Ministry.

DEAR "L. G.,"—Don't you really think you have enough in hand without taking on that Irish job? And don't you see through Asquith's clever move? There is *no* "settlement" of the "Irish question"—and he knows it; and that is why he has left it to you!

JOHN BULL.

To Uncle Sam, U.S.A.

DEAR UNK,—It's a great thing to be you, looked up to by all the rest of mankind—dwelling in a land which, besides being yours, is God's own country, the land of Freedom, the land of Liberty. The moment a man puts his foot on your soil he gets Freedom like a galvanic shock—after he's got through quarantine and coughed up to the Customs. You hunted slavery from your shores years back. When the African serf lifted his manacled wrists and asked, "Am I not a man and a brother?" you knocked off his shackles, wound Old Glory—the Stars and Stripes—round him, and gave him Freedom. He's had it ever since. Of course, he has to take Justice, and Law and Order with it. He gets his full share of that, too. Your newspapers tell me all about it. I have just been reading of that black man at Waco, Texas. His name was Jesse Washington, same surname as the Father of your Nation. But this nigger had murdered an elderly white woman; at least, he had been convicted of it. So the free and independent citizens of the United States dragged him out of the Court, and, as I read, "Despite all the efforts of the police to drive off the crowd, he was burned at the stake in the presence of nearly 15,000 spectators." You asked, t'other day, why you should go mad because the rest of the world is mad. Keep your splendid sanity, Unk, continue to show it on the grand scale, like this example of 15,000 Texans looking on while a man and a brother, black but gloriously free, was burned to death. "Disgraceful scenes marked the atrocity," says the newspaper—but you know what newspapers are—so thin-skinned! "Numbers of bystanders fought to secure charred fingers or toes of the victim to keep as souvenirs." They'll hand 'em down as heirlooms, perhaps—emblems of the freedom that flourishes wherever your Eagle spreads her wings across your mighty continent. It's a great country, America. Hail, Columbia! Let us wave the Star-Spangled Banner—and sing "Yankee Doodle"!

JOHN BULL.

To Herr Ramsay von Macdonald, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR PRO-HUN,—I tell you to your face that when with your shameful record of treason to every British ideal you presume to talk as you lately did, of "those brave men who are sacrificing their lives for us," you are uttering noxious cant which is repulsive to the ears of every honest man. From the outset of the war you have played the poltroon, heaping contempt upon the cause of the Allies, aiding and comforting your country's foes, discouraging the patriotism of the people and prejudicing the recruiting of our armies. You have fought against Great Britain far more effectively than you could ever have done as a unit of Germany's conscript hosts. When to those crimes you add the sin of hypocrisy you are perhaps the most despicable figure in our public life at the moment.

JOHN BULL.

To "General" Bramwell Booth, Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street, London.

DEAR "GENERAL,"—Even if strictly true, it is no reply to my recent criticisms that "some 40,000 Salvationists have gone to the Front from this country, and over 9,000 Salvation Army bandsmen are serving, as well as many chaplains." For the patriotic devotion of a section of your followers not a shred of personal credit belongs to you. Moreover, patriotism is one thing and common honesty another; and as long as that faked *War Cry* photograph remains unexplained you will forgive me if I am a little chary of accepting your public statements at their face value. By the way, does that 40,000 include your own sons?

JOHN BULL.

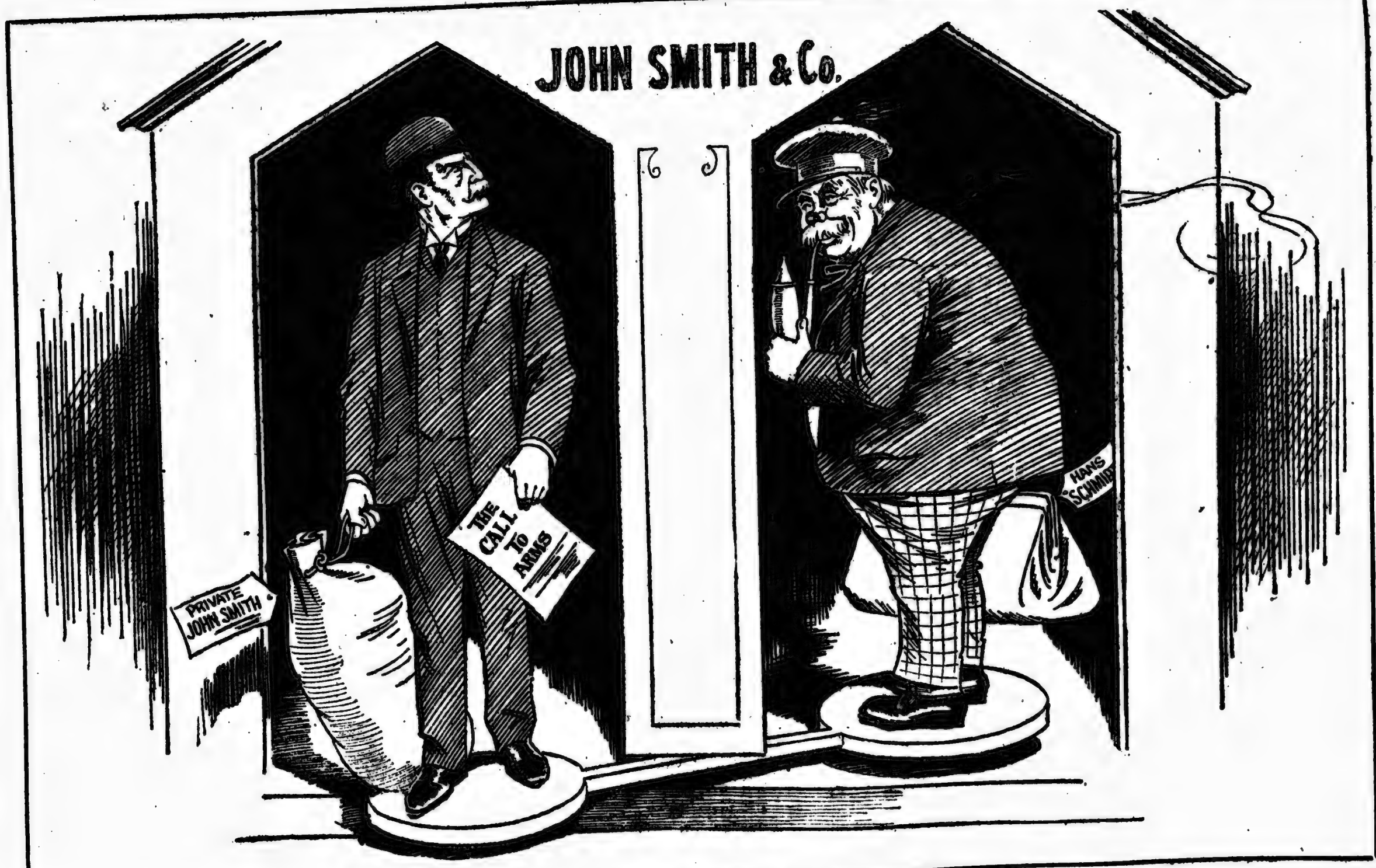
To the Chairman of Magistrates, Morpeth.

SIR,—Some of the newspapers report that your Bench sent little Ann Wilson, a child of eight years of age, to prison for seven days for stealing three brushes. But reporters are dreadfully careless, as you know. Surely they have omitted to state that the sentence was really to hard labour. Otherwise, the misplaced leniency of the Magistrates in the case of one so old in sin and prone to iniquity would be deserving of the gravest censure.

JOHN BULL.

For biggest prize list ever offered, see "Bullets" next week.

A "MOVING" PICTURE.



The Briton leaves his shop and goes
To fight against his country's foes;

A member of the foeman's race
Moves in and slyly takes the Briton's place!

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It is, on this account, worthy of public support, for, as Mr. TENNANT said in the House of Commons on April 6th last:

"The collection of funds by more than one Society involves waste of effort. The remedy is, I think, for the public to appreciate fully that the authorised Society for the purpose is the one I have mentioned."

It has, by request of the Authorities, already provided Hospitals for 3,500 horses. It is at the moment building an extension to another Hospital for 750 horses, and has just undertaken to provide tents for 2,400 horses. By its means, therefore, hospital accommodation for 6,650 will be provided.

It has also sent out for the British Expeditionary Force:—3 motor ambulances; 2 motor-lorries; 55 horse-drawn ambulances; 20 chaff-cutters and corn-crushers; 3,000 loin cloths and rugs; over 2,000 poultice and brushing boots; over 600 sheep-skins; and over 50 humane killers for slaughtering horses. In addition, large quantities of veterinary requisites necessary for alleviating the sufferings of the war-worn horses at home and abroad have been supplied.

Send what you can!
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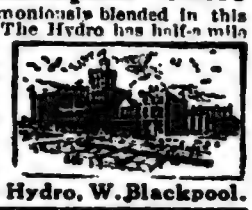

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JOTTINGS FROM A PREMIER'S JOURNAL.

MONDAY.—Not feeling at all up to the mark; still suffering from effects of return journey from Ireland and trying audience of the King on Saturday. Trying to arrive at some definite impressions of the Irish situation, in view of making anticipated statement in the House to-morrow. Everything so infernally hazy and confused. Rebel prisoners I interviewed almost persuaded me they were in the right. Wish I hadn't spoken to them. Belfast business men absolutely convinced me that all suspected as well as proved rebels should be shot out of hand. Almost made me wish I hadn't checked executions. Pity I went to Belfast. Cork notabilities nearly persuaded me there was nothing wrong with the Irish. Just excitable and mischievous children, nothing more. Made me feel the Belfast attitude is a little too harsh. Wish I hadn't gone to Cork. Sat up till three o'clock trying to work up a statement to satisfy all shades of political opinion.

TUESDAY.—Feeling absolutely washed out, in consequence of fruitless efforts last night to draw up satisfactory statement to make in the House to-day. Postponed statement until to-morrow. Would like to consult R——d, but can't very well do so without consulting Sir E——d C——n also. Awkward position. Suddenly remembered there's a war on. Read through last week's papers to find out what's been doing while I was in Ireland. Things seem to be at a standstill with us, France and Russia doing all the fighting. Must really begin to get busy with the war if we are to win it.

WEDNESDAY. — Made no progress with the Irish statement last night, although sat up till 2 o'clock. Shall have to postpone it till Thursday. Happy thought occurred to me. Why not shift the Irish job on to somebody else? Ought to have thought of that before going to Ireland. Question, who to select. A——r B——r impossible. Still referred to in Ireland as Bloody B——r. H——t S——l might manage if he wasn't a Jew. Wouldn't do to send a Jew to Ireland. Nothing for it but to fall back on Ll——d G——e again. Makes him safe for the reversion of the Premiership if he pulls it off, of course. But that can't be helped. However, will postpone General Election till last possible minute in case. Saw Ll——d G——e. He agreed to put matters right in Ireland. His perky confidence in his own powers most annoying, but no alternative. Besides, relieves me of necessity of making statement to-morrow. *His* job, later on, ha—ha! Went to bed in much easier frame of mind.

THURSDAY.—Gave the House one of my dramatic surprises. Announced fact that Ll——d G——e had taken over the Irish tangle. Good job no one asked whether it would interfere with his work as Minister of Munitions. Extracted promise from J——n R——d and Sir E——d C——n to remain muzzled until Ll——d G——e has had a go at the problem. Think I got out of the difficulty pretty neatly, all things considered.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

COMMISSIONER OF TAXES AND A WIDOW.

A widow, occupying the ground floor of a house in Whitfield Street, told the Marlborough Street Magistrate that "the landlord did not live in the place and she had not seen him for some months." She was not, of course, liable for the King's taxes in the ordinary way, yet because the Commissioners could not get the money from the landlord they put the bailiff in possession of her home and seized, among other things, a pianoforte belonging to her soldier son, "who for the last fifteen months has been fighting at the Front." An auctioneer was about to sell the effects when the woman appeared in Court and explained the facts to the Magistrate, and she succeeded in getting the sale postponed for a fortnight only by paying to the auctioneer the 30s. rent due to the landlord. It is not disputed that the Commissioners were technically within their legal rights. The King, in other words the Government, is not so hard up that he must sell up the homes of widows, not morally liable to pay taxes, as a sort of wild revenge for not being able to collect them from landlords from whom they are legally due. The spirit of the whole proceeding is indefensible and callous.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"AT DUTY'S CALL" (Newnes' "Adventure" Library):—

"One of the Germans . . . . stepped forward, and the other two stopped, with their REVOLVERS still at their SHOULDERS."

"DAILY NEWS":—

"Mr. —— —— . . . . was yesterday CORDIALLY THANKED UPON HIS RETIREMENT from the chairmanship of the Law and Parliamentary Committee, which he has held for 27 years."

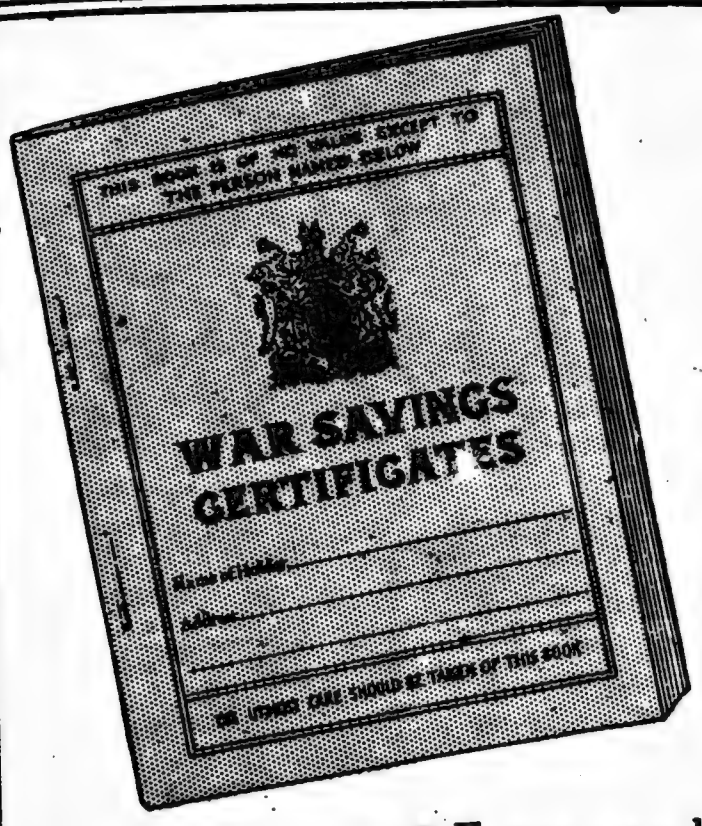
"GLASGOW CITIZEN":—

"The calculation has been made that BEGINNING the industrial day an hour EARLIER, and ENDING with an hour LATER, a very considerable saving will be effected in the matter of coal."

"DAILY MAIL" (Continental Edition):—

"ALTHOUGH he threw his rifle, field glasses and everything moveable overboard, the BALLOON WENT STILL HIGHER."

The War Organisation Committee is financing the Inventor and Patentee of a very remarkable projectile capable of being shot through the water, such as neither shell nor shrapnel can be done, and being fired in the air to a height to which neither Zeppelin nor aircraft is capable of ascending. The system is called "PETRONITE," and trials have already taken place in England and been favourably reported upon by Messrs. Foote and Milne Ltd., Contractors to the Office of Works, War Office, Admiralty and Secretary of State for India. Full particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, War Organisation Committee, Empire House, Piccadilly, London, W.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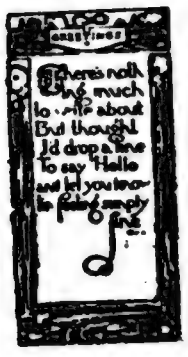

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WITH Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.
Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.
For Constipation.
Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 23) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.
Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Cham st, Reading.

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possesses tooth cleansing and antiseptic properties which protect the mouth and throat from germ infection—removes any bad taste in the mouth and leaves instead a clean, comfortable feeling. "T.M." is a favourite amongst those who discriminate between a merely nice flavoured and a real scientific Dentifrice.

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The Best for the Best People.
(Also obtainable, if desired, in Powder form.)

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Also Proprietors of the "Zepto" Pencil.

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Best for the Skin in Disease, Infection or Accident.
1s. 3d. and 3s. at Taylor's, Boots' and all chemists, or from POGSON, Halton, Leeds. Mention "John Bull"

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92. CRITERION WORKS.
BIRMINGHAM.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

WOMEN ON THE FARM.

1ST FARMER: Hello, Garge! How are ye?

2ND FARMER: Middlin' tidy, like. Not much to boast about.

1ST FARMER: Yow don't look up to much. How d'yow find things?

2ND FARMER: Couldn't be worse, I rackon. I hain't got a man on the farm now—only female women. And a proper handful they be to manage.

1ST FARMER: Ah! I believe ye. Thanks be, I hain't had to take none on. I've heard tell as how they're weak but willin'.

2ND FARMER: Oh, ah, they be willin' enow. But they're that soft an' fanciful yow'd never believe. One of 'em—a yoong leddy sfie is—took a wunnerful fancy to the pigs. The first day she come, dressed in her breeches an' gaiters as boold as any yoong chap, I showed her round the farm, an' when we come to the pigsties, what d'yow think she did?

1ST FARMER: I can't tell 'ee.

2ND FARMER: She clapped her hands like a yoong child at sight of a new toy, laughed like Billy-o, an' hollered "*Look* at the dear things!"

1ST FARMER: She knew the price of 'em, any'ow.

2ND FARMER: But she never meant they wor dear in that way. She said "dear" same as we used to say "dear" to a yoong gal in our yoong days. Then brast me if she didn't turn round on me like a yoong vixen, stamp her foot, an' ask me how dare I keep the poor innocent creatures in such filth! "That's their nature, miss," I ses. Then she flared up agin. "Nothing of the sort," she ses, stampin' agin like a yoong mare, "pigs like to be clean as well as—as *anybody else*," she ses.

1ST FARMER: Ho! ho! ho!

2ND FARMER: I said, seein' as how she wor that fond o' pigs, she might look arter them if she liked.

1ST FARMER: Ho! ho! ho! She didn' bargain for that, I rackon.

2ND FARMER: Why, bor, she wor that pleased there worn't no holdin' of her. "Then I'll begin at once, and give them nice clean stables to live in," she ses. "Stables" she called 'em! I thought I should ha' never stopped laughing! Well, she set to work, scrubbed out the sties, laid down clean straw, an' brast me if she didn' go an' wash the pigs!

1ST FARMER: Ho! ho! ho! Didn' yow tell her they'd get a good hot bath and a scrape when they wor dead?

2ND FARMER: Ah; but it worn't no use. She went right on, as masterful as yow please. An' when I went to have a look at 'em next mornin', what d'yow think she'd done? She'd tied a bow of coloured baby ribbon on the tail of every one of 'em!

1ST FARMER: What did yow do—take 'em off?

2ND FARMER: I had a mind to, but I dussent go into the sty with me mucky boots for fear o' makin' it dirty. I've seen her in her tantrums once, and I'm dummed if I want to see her in 'em agin!

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

BY THE WATCHFUL WINDOW CLEANER.

LORD HALDANE.

I nearly 'ad a rah wiv the ole man yes'd'y mornin'. "'Ere," 'e ses, soon es I arrives, "you're to bung orf rahnd to Queen Anne's Gate an' clean Lord 'Alldane's winders." "Cut it aht," I ses, "not me." "Wojer mean?" 'e ses. "You'll do wot chewer jolly well told, or 'and in yer commission. I kin easy git a gal to take yore place, me lad." "So you can," I ses, "sooner 'n I'll work fur Lord Bally 'Alldane." "You're workin' fur *me*," 'e ses, "ME. *I'm* yore boss, an' you'll brasted well do wot I tell yer, or pad the 'oof." "Orl right," I ses, "if thet's unnerstood I'll withdraw me amendment." A sleepy-lookin' bloke, 'arf dressed an' cussin' the Daylight Savin' Ack somethink shockin', lets me through to the back, shows me w'ere to git water, an' I starts in. Up I goes to one o' the fust flore winders an' stretches me bushel an' peck over the sill. 'Earin' a sorter moanin' sound inside, I takes a squint through the 'arf-opened winder. You see some rum sights in my prerfeshun, mate, but I never see nuthink rummier then wot I see then. There wos a fat ole, bald-'eaded bloke settin' up in bed rockin' 'isself to an' fro, dabbin' 'is eyes wiv a bernarner 'ankercher. 'E goes on rockin' an' moanin' to 'isself fur a bit, an' then 'e begins ter speak. "Oh, my pore spiritchewel 'ome!" 'e ses, "wot chew 'ave gotter suffer to be shore! Even *I* cawn't save yer from yer fate," 'e ses. "I've 'ad as much es I cud do ter save meself." Then 'e wipes 'is eyes, an' blows 'is nose so bloomin' loud an' suddin thet I nearly lose me 'old an' growls out a cuss word. "Wot's thet?" 'e ses, startin'. "Shorely a echo of thet dear Tootonic tongue wafted from acrorss the Rind to comfort me!" An' then 'e starts rockin' 'isself agin. Then it sorter dawned on me gradual like thet this wos Lord 'Alldane 'iself. Orl of a suddin 'e stops an' looks at the clock standin' on the wotchewmacallit at the side of 'is bed. "Quarter to eight," 'e ses. "Anuvver night parssed wivout a wink o' sleep! An' no Sanatogen to be got! The *h*irony of it," 'e ses. "I, 'oo ashored the English people they could sleep safely in their beds so fur as the Germans wos concerned, carn't get a wink meself fur thinkin' of the sorrers of the Fatterland! Ach, Himmel—I mean, dummit all!" Jest then a bit o' creeper tickled me nose an' made me sneeze, an' not 'arf a sneeze neether. "Ah," 'e ses, nearly jumpin' outer bed, "anuvver voice from der dear Fatterland!" "Git aht!" I ses, shovin' me 'ead inter the room, "it wos on'y me sneezin'. Lend us the loan of yer ankercher." "You imperdent feller!" 'e ses, "I'll report chew to yore imployer." "You do," I ses, "an' I'll tell JOHN BULL wot I've 'eard." 'E didn't say nuthink more, so I got on wiv me job.

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of JOHN BULL?

ARTIFICIAL TEETH AND ARTIFICIAL PRICES.

Now that most of us have to economise, no excuse is necessary for reprinting the following abbreviated extracts from an article by the late Mr. Labouchere, M.P., on artificial teeth, which appeared in *Truth*:

"The largest profits in dentistry are made out of artificial teeth. In order to get at the truth, I placed myself in communication with Mr. Goodman, of 2, Ludgate Hill, who has one of the largest dental practices in the world.

"To demonstrate that it is practicable to supply satisfactory upper or lower sets of teeth even at so moderate a fee as one guinea Mr. Goodman placed at my disposal various trade price lists relative to their production. These figures are authenticated beyond reach of contradiction. But the non-advertising dentist will doubtless reply that there are subtleties of fit and finish which cannot be purchased at these prices, and that the guinea set of teeth belongs to the same class of goods as the razors which are only made to sell. To this the answer is absolutely conclusive. To begin with, it is obvious that with the margin of profit as does undoubtedly exist on each guinea there is not the slightest reason why the entire work should not be done in the most perfect style. As a matter of fact, Mr. Goodman (who originated the guinea set of teeth) guarantees a satisfactory fit. There is no mystery about fitting artificial teeth. The patient bites into a soft substance. From the mould thus formed a cast is taken. On this any workman who understands his business can model the artificial teeth. Whether this is done in Mr. Goodman's workshop or in that of a fashionable West End dentist who would not think of supplying a set of teeth under fifteen or twenty guineas, the same processes are used and the very same sort of workmen employed.

"Mr. Goodman tells me that he has on his books at present the names of some 36,000 patients in London, more than half of whom have been supplied with guinea sets. The higher-priced sets may yield a higher profit, but they also contain better value. I have inspected them all: but Mr. Goodman assures me, and I fully believe him, that the most highly-finished and expensive set can be made, fitted, and sold at a handsome profit for 10 or 12 guineas.

"At this rate, it will be said, every West End dentist ought to be a millionaire. Why is he not? Simply because the turnover of his business is not sufficient. And why is the turnover at Goodman's greater? Because that gentleman advertises and the West End does not. The scale on which Mr. Goodman works enables him to content himself with a reasonable profit on each individual transaction. Being able to keep a dozen chairs full from morning till night, he can employ the most highly-skilled operators and the best materials; he can do everything that science and experience suggest to satisfy every customer."

Readers interested in the system of Economical Dentistry originated by Goodmans, Ltd., should call for free consultation at their Dental Surgeries, 2, Ludgate Hill (facing St. Paul's), where they have been over a quarter of a century. Explanatory pamphlet will be sent post free. It contains, among other interesting features, illustrations showing how almost an entire set of teeth can be permanently fixed without any covering of the palate by their improved system of Bridge work.

There are Branch Surgeries at 10, Castle Square, Brighton; 17, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool; 248, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; and 10a, George Street, Edinburgh. Also attendance from 11 to 5, Mondays, at 114, Peascod Street, Windsor; Thursdays, 25, High Street, Aldershot; Fridays, 6, Thames St., Kingston. Write for pamphlet.—[ADVT.]

KAPITAN

(Russian Captain).

We in Russia have known too little of England in the past, and vice versa. The War has made us learn to understand each other better and more appreciative of things Russian and things English. Friends in your Island have lately sent me some Cigarettes called Cavander's "Army Club," which the English are now smoking, and if you can supply products so excellent as these Cigarettes, then indeed will Russia, with its population five times larger than England, be *prevoskodnee pokupstchiki* (good customers) to you.

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

On sale at A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's and Selfridge's Stores, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A widow's son died of wounds. Her second lad, her sole support, is in hospital. The poor woman, having five little mouths to feed, found herself unable to pay her rent, and was consequently handed a notice to quit! We sent her a letter with a comforting enclosure.

An old soldier—like so many of his kind—after earning his living as a shoeblack was compelled to enter the workhouse infirmary, and afterwards to remain in the "house." He wished to return to his old trade, but could not do so owing to the want of shoe-cleaning gear. We provided him with it, and wish the old boy luck.

A young soldier at the front was distressed by the knowledge that those at home were practically starving, owing to the serious illness of his father. In his agony of mind, he wrote to us and we took the case up. The lad will now have a better heart for fighting.

A widow's soldier-son was killed, and on the expiration of the regulation period her allowance was cut off. She had to sell her home bit by bit—an occurrence, unfortunately, only too common—but when the worst was imminent she appealed to us, and we came to the rescue.

A man who saw the worst of the fighting in the big retreat was wounded and discharged on a pension of half-a-guinea a week. He is scarcely able to work, has a wife and four small children, and had to give up his house and rent one small room. We were glad to render assistance.

An octogenarian's soldier-son was on board a ship which was torpedoed, the poor lad being drowned. The shock killed the old man's helpmate, and he himself was in terrible distress until we looked after him.

When the boys come home from the front some landlords will doubtless receive visits of none too friendly a nature. Each week we relieve increasing numbers of soldiers' wives who have been thrown on to the roadsides by heartless sharks. When we find that the women get behind with their rents through no fault of their own, we do all we can for them. Meanwhile the Emergency Courts might make much more use of their powers in favour of the sufferers.

Three children of a soldier's wife are down with measles, and a fourth youngster has whooping cough. Naturally, the increase in the expenses of the family is considerable, and we did what we could to ease them.

A fine Guardsman was maimed for life by the loss of his arm in a gallant charge. In addition he got his fair share of shrapnel in other parts of his body. He has been given the miserable pension of 10s. 6d. a week, out of which he has to support himself here and his mother over the Channel. We assisted him, and are glad to know that he is within sight of suitable employment.

Another half-guinea pensioner who was unable to work struggled on with his wife on that pittance. The woman died, and we saved her from a pauper's grave.

An infantryman was discharged on medical grounds, and was afterwards called up for re-examination, which resulted in his return to the ranks. A few days afterwards he broke down again and entered hospital. For nearly three months his wife and three little children were left without separation allowance, and were in a state of semi-starvation. Debts accumulated very naturally, but the matter was brought to our notice and we alleviated their state.

Amongst cases we have recently helped is that of an old soldier, who runs a bath-chair business at Hove and recently got into trouble through having yielded to the temptation of annexing a small quantity of coal. The old fellow had always borne a good character previously, and the fine of £10 inflicted upon him by the Magistrates meant the selling up of his home and stock-in-trade, and probably imprisonment as well. Our attention having been called to the case by a kindly Brighton reader, we provided the full amount of the fine. We must not, however, be taken as approving of this method of getting in the winter coal.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T YOU HELP?

"A Wicked Gambler" (York), £10; Sergeants' Mess, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, B.E.F. (per E. J. L. T.), 25s.; M. T., 3s.; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*, 7th Subscription" (per F. C.), £1 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. D., 1s.; E. E. C., 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. B., £1; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; K. M. C.-W., £1; J. T. M., 6s. 6d.; F. T. S., 2s.; "Dragoon," £5; G. W. H., 6d.; "Gemsbock," 1s.; W. L., 1s.; H. B. (Coatbridge), £1; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; T. P., 10s.; Anon., 6d., Miss M., 5s.; E. P., 1s.; "South Ealing Reader," 6d.; B. H. W. W., 1s.; W. P. W., 1s.; "Nemo," 5s.; Mrs. A. H. S., £1 1s.; J. M. D., 1s.; S. M., 3s.; H. W. J., 2s. 6d.; A. and M. B., 3s. 6d.; "Luis," 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; W. 2, 3s. 6d.; "Old Sport," 1s.; "A Few Subscribers, H.M.S. *Seahorse*," 10s.; Mrs. J. M. D., 6d.; J. M., 6d.; P. K. S., 2s. 6d.; Piper J., 1s. 6d.; L. J., 2s.; "A Welshwoman," 5s.; J. Y., 6d.; Mrs. D., 6s. 6d.; A. McC., 1s.; "A Soldier's Daughter," 6d.; Pte. M. P. B., 2s.; W. S., 1s.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; Mrs. M. F. (Gifnock), 5s.; Sgt. H. E. E., 2s.; J. W., 9d.; G. and M. J. W., 2s.; A. H. B., £1; B. D., 7s. 10d.; J. M., 6d.; C. C. (Philadelphia) 10 cents.

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MEDICINE AND HOW I REDUCE WAR PRICES.

By WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.

Editor, "Health News"; Author of "The Wealth of Health"; Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Gt. Britain.

The rise in price of drugs is very hard on the sick. Quinine and Calomel at three times the regular price are the least serious rises; Antipyrin is 12 times peace price, and Phenacetin 26 times. Chemists are not to blame for high prices. *As a very large buyer I am able to dispense medicines much below War Prices.* A few specimen formulas are given below; about 1,000 more home remedies are contained in my book, "The Wealth of Health"—post free, 1/3. I will send this book free to purchasers of 2/6 worth of any of the following, if it is asked for when ordering:—

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW. SEND FOR MEDICINE BELOW WAR PRICES.

Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Wind and Constipation. (Formula 332.)

Contains nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, 7-8*th grain.*
Malt Extract, ½ *grain.*
Diastase, 1-10*th grain.*
Charcoal, ½*rd grain.*
Cascara Extract, ½*rd grain.*
In one tablet. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

So Footsore, So Weary, Bathe perspiring feet with **Formula 525.**

Boric Acid.
Alum.
Potassium Permanganate.
Oatmeal and Wintergreen.
Price 1/1½ (72), 1/9 (144 tablets). Dust afterwards with Dusting Powder (Formula 495). Costs 1 1..

Nerve Weakness and Mental Depression, Zeppelin Shock. (Formula 476.)

Phosphorus, 1-100*th grain.*
Nux Vomica Extract, ½*th grain.*
Damiana Extract, 2 *grains.*
Pure Lecithin, 1 *grain.*
In one tablet. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets after each meal. Price 1/7 (36 tablets) and 5/8 (144 tablets).
This formula acts like magic.

Hard or Soft Corns, Painful Corns. (Formula 803.)

You cannot march to victory on corns. Get rid of them with this.
Salicylic Acid, 20 *per cent.*
Extract Indian Hemp, 10 *per cent.*
Prepared Rubber Plaster, 70 *per cent.*
With directions. Price 1/1½.

Consumption of the Lungs and General Tuberculosis

can be checked by suitable treatment. Rest, nourishment, and fresh air are all included in the cure, and an anti-tubercular tonic tablet compounded of iodine, phosphorus, bone marrow, creosote, and lecithin will also be found useful. This checks the spread of the disease by its antiseptic and tonic properties. Price 1/1½ (36), 3 3 (144). **(Formula 222.)**

Sick Headache, Pains in the Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Liverishness. (Formula 2,000.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Price 1/1½ (144), or 2/9 (432).
Barbadoes Aloes, 1 *grain.*
Capsicine, 1-16*th grain.*

Kidney Irritation, Gravel, Scalding Stricture (Urethritis, Cystitis, &c.) **(Formula 282.)**

Cubebs, ½ *grain.*
Venice Turpentine, ½ *grain.*
Copaiba Balsam, ½ *grain.*
Colchicum Extract, ½ *grain.*
Gravel Nut Root, 1 *grain.*
Podophyllin Root, 1 *grain.*
Possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatilitis. Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Giddiness, Noises in the Head. (Formula 632.)

Digitalis, ½ *grain.*
Nux Vomica Extract, 1-16*th grain.*
Gentian Extract, 1 *grain.*
Dandelion Extract, 1 *grain.*
Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

Stuffiness of the Nose, Loss of Smell, Dry Throat, Cold in Head. (Formula 329.)

Sodium Biborate, 10 *parts.*
Sodium Bi-carbonate, 10 *parts.*
Phenol, 1 *part.*
Removes the stuffy feeling. 1/1½.

Huskiness, Sore Nose, Throat and Chest, Tightness of the Chest, Cough. (Formula 331.)

Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, of each ½*th grain.*
Liquorice Extract, 2 *grains.*
Aniseed Oil, 1-10*th drop.*
Pine Wood-tar, ½ *grain.*
Creosote, ½ *drop.*
Makes a good lung tonic for the weak-chested, especially for those recovering from colds, pneumonia, etc., who cannot get rid of their cough. Not for children. Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Bald Patches). (Formula 850.)

Perchloride of Merc., 8½ *grains.*
Creosote, 18½ *drops.*
Zinc Ointment, 2 *ounces.*
Price 1/3 and 3/-.

Sallow Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, Dull Eyes, Eczema. (Formula 442.)

Charcoal, ½ *grain.*
Dried Sulph., Iron, ½ *grain.*
Calcium Sulphide, ½ *grain.*
Nux Vomica Ext., 1-16*th grain.*
Gentian Extract, 1 *grain.*
In one tablet, with directions. Dose: 1 or 2 pills 3 or 4 times a day. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

Pains in Limbs, and Joints, Stiffness, Swollen Toes and Fingers, Gout. (Rheumatic Arthritis.) **(Formula 61.)**

Colchicum Ext., ½ *grain.*
Blue Pill, 1 *grain.*
Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 *grain.*
Comp. Rhubarb Pill, 1 *grain.*
Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100.)

TO PREVENT LOSS OF WEIGHT, WEAKNESS, &c., AND "THROW OFF" COLDS. (Formula 552.)

Zinc Phosphide, 1-20*th grain.*
Lecithin, 1-5*th grain.*
Calcium Hypoph., 1-5*th grain.*
Soda Hypoph., 3-10*th grain.*
Potas. Hypoph., 3-10*th grain.*
Cascin, 1½ *grain.*
In one tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take half tablet.
Price 1/1½ (36 tabs.) and 2/8 (144 tabs)

Drug, Alcohol and Tobacco Victims. (Formula 1,078.)

Quassia Extract, 1 *grain.*
Peppermint Oil, ½*th drop.*
Sugar Base, sufficient.
With directions. You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.
Price 1/1½ (72 tabs.), 1/11 (144 tabs.)

Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, Big Stomach. (Formula 314.)

Extract of Seaweed, 4 *grains.*
Potassium Iodide, ½ *grain.*
Thyroid Gland, ½ *grain.*
Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).
In addition take a saltspoonful of Marienbad salt (formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with oxgall soap (formula 986) in a hot water bath thrice weekly. (These cost 1/1½ each.)

Rash, Ulcers, Eruptions, Hard and Soft Sores, Swollen Glands. (Formula 606.)

(Deeper-seated Blood Impurities.)

Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine.
Mercury Iodides, sufficient.
Mercuric Chlorides, 1-64*th grain.*
Nux Vomica, ½ *grain.*
Stillingia, ½ *grain.*
Jacaranda, ½ *grain.*
Sarsaparilla, a trace.
Price 1/1½ (36), 2/8 (144).

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(Postage extra abroad),

To purchasers of 2s 6d worth or over of the above formulas I will send my shilling book, "The Wealth of Health," free (see above). Address:

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63 (Dept. J.B. 10), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.

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If there's a bargain going, he's the man to tell you where. And it was he who advised me to go to the 'Midland' for my furniture. Between ourselves, he told me that they had secured a big stock just before the restriction of imports and the rise in prices. That's one of the reasons why—to-day as always—

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"It isn't only that you have £100,000 worth of splendidly made furniture to choose from. It isn't only that the 'Midland' Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without paying a penny extra for credit. There's this added advantage—that in going to the 'Midland' you make a clear saving of money on every purchase. And the balance in your favour was never greater than to-day."

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It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons to give you an idea of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere; you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."

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At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

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Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, and a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

20 Guineas.

10% Discount for Cash.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 6 0
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 17 0
40...	1 5 0
50...	1 8 0
100...	2 5 0
200...	4 10 0
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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station
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Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

TAUNTED TO SUICIDE.

Medical rejects and battered heroes sent out of the Service are nobody's children, so far as the State is concerned. We have several times demanded that such men should be granted badges to distinguish them from slackers and save them from the sneers of patriotic half-idiots. A poor fellow, who had served his time in India, was badly wounded at Mons and suffered twelve months' internment in Germany. He was sent home and discharged from the Army—to suffer, like so many others, the taunts of the shallow individuals referred to. These undeserved insults so preyed upon his mind that he hanged himself. Surely, a distinctive badge should at once be issued to those whose spirit is willing but whose flesh is weak.

SIR A. KEOGH'S NUNS.

The Sisters and Staff Nurses on our hospital ships are wondering if the Director-General of the Army Medical Service is really the Mother Superior of a convent in disguise. According to Regulations, the ladies in question must have no communication with officers except in the discharge of their duties. They must keep to their own part of the deck and sitting-room accommodation for recreation purposes. They must not mix with officers when off duty, and are not permitted to go ashore with any officer belonging to the ship. Further, they are not allowed on deck after 9.30 p.m., and must go below before that hour if ordered by the Matron. Smoking is forbidden, and no wine or stimulants may be taken except under medical orders. Failure to comply with these regulations means the sack!

TAKING THE BISCUIT.

The wife of a soldier received an intimation from a Paymaster at Chatham that, as her husband had not returned from furlough and was absent without leave, the payment of her separation allowance and allotment would cease until he rejoined. This notification was sent on May 12th. Naturally, the woman was distressed. Next day she received a form from the Officer in Charge of Records at Chatham, expressing regret that her husband was lying in a General Hospital at Boulogne, suffering from gas poisoning. Thus it would appear that at the time when the man was fighting for his country, the Paymaster made up his mind that he was a deserter! We are beginning to accept philosophically the incongruities of the officials—some of the Tommies and their wives cannot.

A GOOD TIP.

Most of our present-day officers are young chaps, with very, very little experience. Here is a tip for them: In well-regulated regiments when a man receives his pay he must sign for it before a couple of witnesses, including his officer. We are wearied with the letters from soldiers who complain that they are merely handed their money, and when they subsequently protest against the statement that they are in debt when they know they are in credit, find that there is only their word to set off against that of the chap who paid them. If the irregularity in the method of payment were brought to the notice of the Commanding Officer, the system which has grown up, and which leads to these disputes, would be abolished.

TOO BAD.

Will some Member of Parliament call the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the fact that soldiers in camp who attend the little entertainments in their wooden and iron theatres are compelled to pay the Amusement Tax? Surely this is rather a mean imposition.

A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

A man came home from France to see his father, who was dying. He took the doctor's certificate to the War Office to get an extension and was told to go to 16, Victoria Street. Having waited an hour there, he was informed that the place was for officers only, and was advised to go to the depôt at Woolwich. At Woolwich he was referred to the Records Office, but nobody could tell him where that establishment is. He, therefore, failed to achieve his object after over five hours' work! Oh, for a Business War Office!

POOR TOMMY!

In the days of our youth there was a song which invited us to a wedding, and warned us to bring our own viands. The following order, issued to the Lowland Field Ambulance at Peebles, reminds us of it: "Cleanliness of tents: As the Ordnance supply of brushes is insufficient, it is suggested that men of each tent provide a brush and a broom to keep the tents clean." We wonder if the men have recovered the outlay.

THE PILFERERS.

A friend of a member of the London Scottish sent him in France a well-made wooden box, containing comforts. When the receptacle reached the man over six shillings' worth of smokes had been pilfered from it. We are sorry for the kind civilian who sent the goods and for the soldier who did not receive them; but, as we have so often said, many thieves lie in wait between the G.P.O. and the Front.

AN ABSURD REGULATION.

We have complaints from many units, including the Motor Transport Section of the A.S.C., against the regulation compelling the men to wear puttees over their trousers. We commend the matter to the attention of the Army Council, who may be wise enough to decide that the custom is both unhealthy and cumbersome. A man in slacks looks quite as handsome as a man sporting "leg rags."

SHORTAGE OF OFFICERS.

Some time ago we commended Mr. Tennant as one of our Ministers who are not ashamed to learn, drawing his attention to the absolutely rotten system of crusty, and very often incompetent, Commanding Officers making secret reports about subordinates immensely superior to themselves, these reports frequently resulting in the dismissal of splendid well-tried leaders who had earned the jealousy of their Commanders. We have not sufficient officers to look after the men already in training. What, then, is to become of us when the new Compulsion Act is put in force? It is up to the conscripts to demand the leadership of real officers who know their business—as, after all, even a "common soldier" does not hanker after having his life thrown away needlessly. There are hundreds of good officers walking about in mufti because they were dismissed in this hole and corner way. These victims of an iniquitous system must be asked—or begged—to come back to us in our hour of need.

MISSING MEN.

We will welcome news of the following:

Farrier Sergt. Louis John Pitcher, 8th Battery R.F.A.; Pte. A. Mitchell, 9012, C Co., 2nd South Wales Borderers; Pte. H. E. Perfitt, 8744, Z Co., 2nd Hants Regt.; Lieut. H. Byron, 1st Co., 1/5 South Lancs.; Pte. W. H. Hocking, 1st Batt. 10th Manchester Regt. (T.F.); Pte. R. Webber, 73859, B Co., 28th Batt., 6th Bgde., Canadian E. Force; L.-Cpl. A. McLean, 7964, C Co., 88th Black Watch; Pte. L. Gadd, 2276, 10th Platoon, C Co., 1/5 Leicesters; Pte. J. Sullivan, 19602, Grenade Co., 21st Manchester Regt.; L.-Cpl. Geo. Harvey, 24561, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

A

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We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Mualtion Work.	—Careers for Men.
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—Book-Keeping.	—Architecture and Building.
—Shorthand.	—Civil Service Positions
—Typewriting.	—Marine Engineering.
—Salesmanship.	—Steam Engineering
—Shopkeeping.	—Woodworking.
—Advertising.	—Illustrating and Designing.
—Motor Engineering.	—Electric Lighting and Traction.
—Industrial Chemistry.	—Careers for Women
—Coal & Metal Mining.	
—Mechanical Engineering.	
—Electrical Engineering	

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list write it here

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.—We have to thank a large number of readers for their Birthday Greetings. Let us hope they will all be alive to celebrate our jubilee.

C. L. (Tipton) and OTHERS write asking why Casement was not tried summarily by court-martial, like Connolly and the other Irish rebels, and the great expense and delay of a civil trial avoided. His case, however, is differentiated from theirs, on the ground that he was not captured whilst fighting. His alleged treason being committed outside the United Kingdom.

MRS. G. R. (York).—"When the sun tells us it is noon and the Government tells us it is one o'clock, it is an insult to our intelligence." When the almanac tells us that December 25th is Christmas day, when it isn't, and that the first day of the week is the Sabbath, when it isn't also, it is also an insult to our intelligence.

F. J. (London, S.E.) says the withdrawal of men will mean blue ruin to many builders who have been working "one job under the other to keep the pot boiling." The only way to prevent the blue ruin is to win the red war.

T. C. H. (Wellington, India).—Your suggestion for the sex neuterisation of "conscientious objectors" is not one the Government propose to entertain. For compliments, thanks.

J. A. C. (Lindley).—Have we noticed that the Government have appointed lawyers to inquire into the air service? Yes; and likewise said things.

"NEW ZEALANDER" (Hornchurch).—*Of course* we appreciate all that your Colony has done and is doing, but the Imperial Council cannot have a representative from each of our Dominions—or it would soon be as big and unwieldy as the 23.

H. H. (County Down).—So you think if the rebellion "had been a success the Nationalists would have joined in." We don't.

G. W. (Bristol).—A man has ten shops: all his male assistants are of military age, and all are exempt. If their employer is on the local Tribunal, it adds to the story.

H. B. B. (Walton-on-Naze).—We think a very appropriate hymn for the day when peace is proclaimed would be "Far be sorrow, tears and sighing."

W. P. (Belfast).—Disraeli's novel, "Coningsby," contains this:—"Hold yourself aloof from political parties . . . and wait and see." Asquith must have plagiarised.

"SCOUTMASTER" (Didsbury).—To ridicule Mr. Acland, M.P., by dubbing him "The Boy Scout" was not to ridicule the Scouts. Boy Scouts are not soldiers, and Mr. Acland—well, you see the point, don't you? We admire the boys, who have proved their value.

C. E. A. (Barking).—So you think that South Hackney and East Herts have "put up with even more unsavoury beasts than the Member for Blackburn." Your admission that the Blackburn M.P. *is* an unsavoury beast takes all the bite out of your barking.

"SPORTSMAN" (Keswick).—"Could you let me know if a man can be exempt from the Army without going before a Tribunal?" If we could, we wouldn't. What sort of sportsman are you, anyway?

A. E. (Hull).—We regret that many foreigners are in charge of our fishing vessels. As you say, they should not be permitted to reap the big profits now obtainable.

"A LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Donnybrook, Natal).—Best wishes for the success of the British Citizen Movement in South Africa. May it crush the German influence now and for evermore!

J. (Kingsland).—We have already commented on the fact that the four sons of Dunn, the hatter, have secured exemption. Try another shop for tiles.

LADY ROBERTS asks us to say that her Field Glass Fund, N.S.L., 72, Victoria Street, S.W., still needs glasses and telescopes for the forces in the Field. Donations towards expenses (repairs, cases, etc.) also appreciated. It is a good scheme, started by Lord Roberts.

MRS. E. B. (West Jesmond).—30,000 women met at Glasgow Green, there were five platforms, and the paper says, "the *hair* at each was taken by a woman." When women demonstrate we always expect wigs on the green.

"A WELSH CHURCHMAN."—"The sons of 13 Bishops have been killed in action or died of wounds." Certainly we sympathise with those Bishops in their sorrow, and share their pride.

M. E. B. (Cardiff) assures us that if we were a woman our life would be nearly perfect. There's a character for you!

R. S. P. (Raglan).—As you say, "the Control Board is an insult to working men." It's an insult to everybody, bar pumpuritans.

"MAYO" (Guildford).—You tell us that "no self-respecting working man grumbles at the present restriction." Read reply to R. S. P., and you will perceive you are a fibber.

"TWICKENHAM."—You heard "Mr. Asquith went to Ireland to see if there had been a rebellion, was next joining the Shackleton Relief Expedition, and, if he returned, might probably make a statement." You must W. and S.

W. H. T. (Borough).—Let you know "the date and town or city where a certain judge died under certain painful circumstances"? Certainly. Judge Jeffreys was discovered, disguised, near Wapping Old Stairs, and met a speedy death under painful circs. It was some years ago. There was another, a bit later on, we know—but we won't enter into details.

"A REGULAR READER."—Germhun bakers once trading in Peckham in their own name are now in a flourishing shop in another district under a British *alias*. More confirmation of Germhun bakery scandals!

S. H. H. (Cathays), for reasons he gives, is "strongly against the paid parson of any kind." He should not forget, however, that parsons of some kinds are worthy of their hire.

R. H. G. (Edinburgh).—As an Englishman, don't be jealous of the Lord Provost's praise of Scots soldiers. They also are splendid.

"OLD LANCS" (Edinburgh).—See above. For instance, the Germhuns regard the Black Watch especially as O.T., mustard.

W. S. (Battersea, S.W.), referring to the Conscientious Objectors, asks "What are these things?" Things.

P. J. S. (Goodmayes).—We are afraid that in some cases M.P. *does* stand for Muddling Parasite, ready to betray and sacrifice his country for a mess of German sauerkraut.

H. H. (Caithness).—Interested to learn that the original of the famous picture "Bubbles" is a Naval Commander now on active service "somewhere in the North Sea." Hope he will soon have a chance to blow holes in Huns instead of soap bubbles.

"HAPPY SUBSCRIBER" (Rouen).—The United Kingdom embraces Ireland, but Miss Erin has not been very responsive to the embrace of late. Drink our health in the Brasserie de l'Opera, and much oblige.

B. L. P. (Rustington).—We should not particularly care to see Lord Kitchener Prime Minister. *That* would not be Business Government.

"LOOKER ON."—You certainly see most of the game when you tell us of that little market town in Yorkshire where 10 out of 12 members of the Tribunal are farmers, whose landlords are present as advisers, and where exemptions for agriculturists are rattled off while you wait.

M. F.—Naturalised German pork butchers would not flourish unless the inhabitants supported them. Why do they?

J. T. (Armley).—British Treasury notes can be cashed in America at the current rate of exchange.

W. B. G. (Johannesburg).—When the Johannesburg *Star* reprinted our article, it did acknowledge that it borrowed from us. Some journals are not so polite.

F. C. (Alford).—Our respects to the Parson of Ruckland, who interred in his churchyard the body of a sailor mortally injured in the Lowestoft raid, though the gallant Tar did not belong to his parish. Our indignation for the parson at Tetford, who refused the honour for his graveyard.

"REGULAR READER" (Cheltenham) says "the speculative corner in tea is a clear instance of exploiting the consumer through the excuse of war." Such is truth.

S. C. B. (Mil. Hosp., Herne Bay).—You are right. Some of the picture papers do publish a lot of ridiculous rubbish about Tommy, "as if he were a new arrival at the Zoo."

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—Very many thanks for the £20, which is being bestowed in accordance with your wishes.

"A YOUNG SOLDIER" (Belfast).—Find space in our paper "for figure culture and chest development"? Certainly not! We leave that to the ladies' journals. Write to the Editor of *Everywoman's*.

REV. ——— (Norwich).—In other words, kissing goes by favour where Church promotion is concerned. We believe you.

"ONE OF THE CANADIANS."—Will the young soldier who recently left the Brownlow Hill Poor Law Institution, and to whose case we referred, please write to us?

Be in the fashion and use a "John Bull" Pen.

"PIP" (Poole).—Have no dealings with the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., of Belvoir Street, Leicester, else you are likely to contract the complaint expressed by your pseudonym.

"JELLYFISH" (Shanghai).—So "Captain" Walter Rand has turned up in your part of the world—Shanghaied! Just what he deserved.

H. P. H. (Norwich).—When the Norwich Hippodrome adds a fee of its own on top of the Amusement Tax, the only remedy is to stay away. They will soon feel the draught.

F. J. B. (Liverpool).—Irwin's Pure Tea at 2s. the pound "including the wrapper" (which is double), also includes two bits of cardboard, one being a "Character from Shakespeare," like a cigarette picture. This is a new wheeze, we think.

A. S. H. (Egyptian Exped. Force).—Sergt. Dick Smith is the well-known boxer. Why not ask a sporting paper about the Belts?

"ARIES."—We do not know if there is any connection between Hashu, Zazra, Hushnu O Hara, Norman Barclay, and Van de Zoar. But they are all so much of a muchness that you should leave the whole lot severely alone.

H. P. (Thornton).—It is, of course, obvious that thirty yards of "good, strong, stout, small mesh" garden netting cannot be expected for one shilling from Gasson, of the Net Works, Rye, or any other firm.

C. H. (Highgate).—Although the West End Cinema, Coventry Street, was at the outbreak of war under German control, a Britisher—Mr. Sexton—is now sole proprietor, and no patriot need have qualms in attending it.

H. C. C. (Bishops Stortford).—You are allowed to send your own "Bullets" entries, together with those of your friends, in one envelope addressed to these offices.

CORPL. R.E. (B.E.F.).—Tell you the date of the "last official censess of G. Btain and Ireland"? We can't even give the exact moment when the officials lost their censess. But wasn't the Census taken in 1911?

J. F. W. (Fort Slough).—The exact date when "Theo and the Swami were sentenced"? Whe ever it was, it was later than they deserved. What boys you are for argument!

W. A. R. (B.E.F., France).—"What was the record percentage paid, and highest price attained in any year, since its inception of the original £100 shares of the New River Co.?" The answer is, that the water rate was never higher than it is now. Are the lads "getting it up" for us?

"J. O. M." (Cairo).—Two or more coupons of the same date are accepted in part payment for a JOHN BULL Pen.

E. S. M. (Liverpool).—In this column we said we "don't know if or why the sons of Sir Chas. Petrie and Ald. Salvidge are employed in Liverpool munitions works." We know now that neither gentleman has any son so employed; all their sons are in the Army or attested, except one, an invalid, rejected as unfit.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

To-day (Wednesday), I like WYNBURY for the All-Aged Selling Plate; BOSKET—I dare not leave him out—for the Foxton Handicap; POMMERN for the June Stakes, and LADYBRIDGE for the Wednesday Plate.

To-morrow (Thursday), FIFINELLA ought to win the New Oaks, though I understand she may previously have competed in the Derby, and, if so, you will know what form she is in. SYMMETRICAL, if well ridden, has a big chance in the Visitors' Handicap, and MARGARETHAL should win the Ditch T.Y.O. Stakes. For the July Course Handicap THE REVENGE looks best.

In future my "SPECIAL" will be published every Monday evening, and will be on sale on Tuesday. Orders should be addressed to Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, W.C. All enquiries as to Wire Services must be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 27th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 385,764 and A300,002. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

ANOTHER £5 PAID.

The copy of our issue dated May 13th, 1916, and numbered A147216, for which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Corporal H. Baxter, Highland Fife R.G.A., Moon Hill, Winchester, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. M. BROWN, 6, Abbot Street, Craigie, Perth. May 6th. 634,892.

ARTHUR SMITH, 40, Boswell Street, Middlesbro'. May 6th. 368,615.

Mrs. MACDONALD, 3, Theaker Place, Theaker Lane, Armley, Leeds. May 13th. 721,732.

Mrs. A. COPPARD, 10, Bredon Road, Camberwell, S.E. May 13th. A072,515.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 27th:—

026,531	314,008	635,951	897,964	A165,923
043,918	347,689	673,827	905,828	A197,786
078,484	386,952	689,024	923,601	A228,492
089,561	399,063	727,916	957,418	A242,823
134,038	447,582	768,257	981,273	A280,455
067,635	476,354	790,103	A007,195	A295,067
191,722	517,865	818,200	A056,463	A334,459
238,964	550,326	843,214	A074,964	A361,137
257,225	578,024	875,358	A089,139	A376,628
275,931	629,278	892,544	A123,510	A393,735

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 7th).

IF STOMACH HURTS DRINK HOT WATER

A SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

"If dyspeptics, sufferers from flatulence, indigestion, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc., would only take a quarter teaspoonful of pure *bisurated* magnesia in half a glass of hot water immediately after eating, they would soon forget that they were ever afflicted with stomach trouble, and doctors would have to look elsewhere for patients." In explanation of these words, the specialist stated that most forms of stomach trouble were due to acidity and fermentation of the food contents combined with insufficient blood supply to the stomach. Hot water increases the blood supply and *bisurated* magnesia instantly neutralises the acid and stops food fermentation; the combination of the two, therefore, being marvellously efficient and infinitely preferable to the use of artificial digestives, stimulants and medicines. It should be mentioned, though, that the form of magnesia referred to is quite distinct from the sulphates, citrates, oxides, or the often met mixtures of bismuth and magnesia, and to prevent confusion you should ask the chemist very distinctly for *bisurated* magnesia.

IMPORTANT.—Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:

Powder form, 1s. 9d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
Mint-flavoured Tablets, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 1d. per flask. [ADVT.]

Clasp it under and over like this.

This Protector covers all Emergencies.

Having your wrist watch (any size) in the *Army* Protector means protecting the watch. Keeping out the dust, it saves you expense for cleaning; being non-reflecting, it saves the soldier from attracting snipers' bullets: it saves you from the danger of splintered glass; and enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Is the only contrivance adapted to guard against all contingencies—but you must be sure to ask for the "Army" Protector. It is made to fit *any* wrist watch, for *anyone's* wear. Opens with a touch and closes automatically.

Showing the Army Protector Closed.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - 2/6
Rolled Gold - - from 3/6

And also in Solid Silver and Solid Gold.

Made in 6 sizes to fit any watch. Special size for ladies. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller send stamps or postal orders to:—

Sales Manager: — **Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, LIVERPOOL.**

PRAISE, INDEED!

Edinburgh.
Please send me another "John Bull" Pen. No man needs a finer working pen, and they are really what a Scotchman wants—"A Bargain." *A. McA.*

Halton Park Camp.
I have been in possession of one of your "John Bull" Fountain Pens for two years. It has been a wonderful pen; in fact, I would not be without it now. *F. G.*

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price 4/6. may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. June 3, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

"BULLETS"—THE LEADING COMPETITION!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(192) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 192. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(192) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 193. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 15th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **193** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 193, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 193.

KING GEORGE
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
BRITISH SOLDIERS
AFTER THE WAR
TEETOTAL BEER
THE KAISER'S WEAKNESS
THE SLACKERS
MIXED BATHING
SHOCKING
BEAUTY CHORUS
BULLETS
NURSING TOMMY
IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR
FOOD FOR GOSSIP
MY MISTAKE
CREATES SUSPICION
THE GIRLS
BABY IN ARMS
FAT POLICEMAN
FANCY WORK

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 192.

WAR TROUBLES
SHOCKING REVELATIONS
A MOVING PICTURE
TAKING IN WASHING
TIME WILL TELL
CHEERING
A TALL STORY
STAGGERING ADMISSION
WHEN POLICEMAN CALLS
MY SWEETHEART
GERMANY'S SHORTAGE
A BAD SITUATION
DONE BROWN
STRIKING A BARGAIN
LIQUOR CONTROL
FIT TO SERVE
MEATLESS DAYS
UNMASKED
SECOND IN COMMAND
NO LIGHT MATTER
REGIMENTAL BARBER
LOOKING AFTER TOMMY
LATE LODGER
NEVER TROUBLES FATHER
COMBED OUT
A FAT LOT
LEFT OFF
PLAYING HER PART
EXTRAVAGANT DRESS
FULL SPEED AHEAD

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
FULL SPEED AHEAD.
Bullet:—
IS BILL SIKES' MOTTO.

Example:—
LEFT OFF.
Bullet:—
THE SUFFRAGETTE AGITATION.

Example:—
UNMASKED.
Bullet:—
THE KAISER.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 24th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated June 3rd.

RESULT OF 189TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Mr. J. T. F. KEEN,
13, Scarletts Road,
Colchester, Essex.

Example :—WHAT THE KAISER THINKS.
Bullet :—POPULATION IS GETTING "THINNER."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :—

Mr. GEO. A. HORNSBY.
54, Portman Street,
Middlesbrough.

Example :—GOING TOO FAR.
Bullet :—GIRL SAYS "GO ON!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mrs. E. EDMOND,
162, North Marine Road,
Scarborough.

Example :—WHAT THE KAISER THINKS.
Bullet :—HIS DOWNFALL IS "ADVANCING."

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Miss S. B. Evans, c.o. Messrs. Boomer and Sons, 25, May Street, Belfast:
CAUGHT IN THE ACT—REVUE LADY'S COLD.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. J. Oliver, 113, Headstone Rd., Harrow, Middlesex: WHAT THE KAISER THINKS—MANY "DEAD" AGAINST HIM.
Mr. John Ennis, 13, Beechdene Road, Anfield, Liverpool: THE NEW MAID—DAD "ALONE" PLEASES.
Mrs. Alice Hattersley, 37, Roach Road, Sheffield: SAYING NOTHING—KAISER'S SHARE—PEACE CONFERENCE.
Mr. A. J. Hammond, 62, Ince Avenue, Anfield, Liverpool: GOING TOO FAR—DISASTROUS—ON TROMBONE.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH :—

Mr. L. Chadborn, 41, Leeds Road, Ilkley: WHAT COMPULSION MEANS — MORE EASILY "GRASPED" SHORTLY.
Mr. Hy. Benson, 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool: UP ALL NIGHT—SHIPOWNER COUNTING HIS PROFITS.
Mrs. Statham, 2, Aldermaston Street, Notting Hill, W.: GOING TOO FAR—GREECE THINKS EVERYBODY.
Mr. V. H. F. Garcia, 6, Freedom Park Villas, Plymouth: GETTING RIGHT HOME—MISTAKE CASEMENT MADE.
Mr. T. S. Bennett, 11, Egremont Gardens, Gateshead: WHAT THE KAISER THINKS—TERMS WON'T BE "EASY."
Mr. E. Mole, 21, Lonsdale Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: SAYING NOTHIN'—NEVER WORRIES AMERICAN INTERVIEWER.
Mr. C. Cable, 113, Mill Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: THE NEW MAID—PA WINKS—MA THINKS.
Mr. Wm. Davies, 4, Warburton Rd., Seaforth, Liverpool: MY DREAM—DIDN'T "RELATE" TO MISSUS.
Mr. L. B. Mather, 61, Alexandra Road, Plymouth: GOING TOO FAR—INTO OUR POCKETS—MCKENNA.
Ada Williams, Parkwood Cottage, Rhos-le Cwll: GOING TOO FAR—FATHER'S TROUSERS ON WILLIE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(192) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 192," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(192) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

June 3rd, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(*Strike out one of these.*)
June 3rd, 1916.

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

"Good Company"

When you've done your bit of weeding in the garden, after tea,
And you've tidied up the cabbage patch as neatly as can be,
In the little packet just behind,
A better sort of weed you'll find,
Chairman Juniors—just the kind
To keep you Company.

Chairman Juniors have all the recognisable and positive qualities that make a really good Virginian cigarette so really good. They smoke cool to the tongue, have a definite and pleasing flavour, an attractive aroma, and do not irritate the throat. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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